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THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION.

NEW EDITION.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

A

(1)



NEW EDITION, ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS;

FROM THE MOST APPROVED AUTHORS.

Adapted to the various occasions of

PUBLIC WORSHIP AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

IN THREE PARTS.

Part I.—Various Subjects, systematically arranged.

Part II.—Adapted to Particular Occasions.

Part III.—Peculiar to the Order of Public Worship.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY ANDREW BROADDUS.

RICHMOND, VA.

SMITH, DRINKER & MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA:

THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT AND CO.

J. Fagan, Stereotyper.

1842.

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PREFACE.

THEOLOGICAL

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS :

The Third Edition of *The Virginia Selection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, is here offered to your acceptance, with the earnest hope that it may be favoured with your approbation.

The whole work has been carefully revised, and in a great measure new-modelled; an improvement, it is believed, has been made in the arrangement; and while some four or five only of the compositions in the first edition have been omitted, an additional number of one hundred and eighty will be found in this volume.

The sources from which have been drawn supplies for this compilation, were various and abundant. Along with Watts' Psalms and Hymns, (which have furnished large contributions,) more than half a score of the best selections have been put in requisition. No selection, however, is referred to, over the Hymns, except that of Rippon; and only, in *that* case, when the name of the author could not be ascertained. To Rippon, as having led the way in a systematic arrangement, some special acknowledgment seemed to be due: for the rest, the same composition being so often found in different selections, it has not been considered requisite to designate any one of them.

The first edition of this work

has been found defective, in regard to the number and variety of Hymns for the common occasions of pulpit service. That defect, it is presumed, is here supplied; and, in the judgment of the Compiler, (let him be permitted to say,) the chief excellencies of all those works to which he has had access, are concentrated in the offering which he now makes to the churches.

Most of the compositions in this volume will, it is believed, commend themselves to persons of piety and taste, as being, in their kind, of first-rate excellence. A few of them, particularly of those which are generally termed "Spiritual Songs," may not be capable of standing the test of a refined criticism. On this point let it suf-

fice to say, that as the book is designed for *popular* as well as for *pulpit* use, some allowance must be made for popular liking—some sacrifice at the altar of devotional feeling. Compositions of a devotional character are sometimes found, possessing that peculiar *unction* which seems to atone for the lack of high poetic merit.

It has been the aim of the Compiler, in forming “The Virginia Selection,” to furnish a portable and convenient volume, which might be acceptable as a *standard Hymn Book*, for all the occasions of public and social worship—one that should comprise a rich supply of Hymns for the more regular and methodical course of service, along with a numerous variety

of that class of compositions more peculiarly adapted to the exercise of free social singing. To attain these combined objects, and, at the same time, systematically to arrange the Hymns according to their various subjects, is a task of much greater difficulty than would be imagined by any one who has not made the attempt. This consideration, it is hoped, may furnish a sufficient apology for the defect complained of in the first edition of this work, as well as for the great difference between *that* and the *present* edition. No further alteration in this Selection is contemplated, as none, it is conceived, will be thought necessary.

Having now no pecuniary interest in the sales of this work, and having laboured, with care

and attention, to render it a suitable and an acceptable companion for the devotional exercises of *pulpits, families, and individuals*, the Compiler trusts he may be indulged in expressing an earnest desire, that the patronage extended to this Hymn Book may give evidence that his labour has not been in vain.

Brethren and Friends, while we sing with our *voices*, may our *hearts* make melody to the Lord; and finally, with hearts and voices better tuned, may we join the triumphant strains of the heavenly host, in ascribing all glory to God and our Redeemer for ever and ever!

A. B.

Caroline, Virginia, May, 1842.

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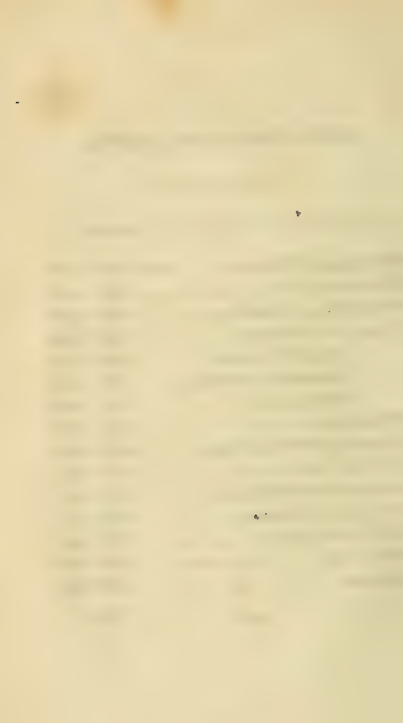


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THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION, &c.

PRINCETON

PART I.

Various subjects, systematically arranged.

ADORATION AND PRAISE.

1 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a Rock thy truth shall stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

2

C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

Decrees and Dominion of God.

- 1 **K**EEP silence, all created things,
 And wait your Maker's nod :
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
 Hang on his firm decree :
 He sits on no precarious throne
 Nor borrows leave *to be*.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men,
 With every angel's form and size,
 Drawn by the eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine ;
 Each opening leaf, and every stroke
 Fulfils some deep design.
- 5 Not Gabriel asks the reason why ;
 Nor God the reason gives ;
 Nor dares the favourite angel pry
 Between the folded leaves.
- 6 My God, I would not long to see
 My fate with curious eyes,
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright scenes may rise.
- 7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
 O may I find my name

Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

3 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Book of God's Decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
Whate'er his Sovereign voice hath form'd
He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 If light attend the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays:
And 't is his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volume of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 5 When he reveals the book of life,
O may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love,
The followers of the Lamb!

4 C. M. Sternhold.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

5, 6 ADORATION AND PRAISE. Part I.

- 2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode ;
And on the wings of mighty wind
Came flying all abroad.
- 3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And He, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

5 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Invisibility of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals, blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode ;
O ! 't is beyond a creature mind
To glance a thought half way to God !
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
The great ETERNAL reigns alone ;
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright ;
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above :
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

6 C. M. Rippon's Selec.

Omnipresence and Omniscience of God.

Ps. 119.

- 1 **L**ORD ! thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my powers ;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee ;
By thee, my resting hours.

- 2 My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm enclos'd
With thine immensity.
- 3 Behind I glance, and thou art there;
Before me, shines thy name;
And 't is thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my tender frame.
- 4 Where from thy Spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 5 Scal'd I the skies, the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 6 If on a morning's darting ray
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore,
That bounds the ocean's flood;
- 7 Thither thine hand, all-present God!
Must guide the wondrous way,
And thine Omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.
- 8 Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon
Before thy piercing sight.
- 9 'The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
'Are both alike to thee:
'O may I ne'er provoke that Power
'From which I cannot flee!

7, 8 ADORATION AND PRAISE. Part I.

7 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Condescension of God.

1 UP to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

2 God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.

3 He overrules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels, and his cares.

4 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

5 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform:
For worms were never raised so high
Above their meanest fellow worm.

6 O! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

8 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

The Goodness of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come ;
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise !
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

9 C. M.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

- 1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show, that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name ;

10 ADORATION AND PRAISE. Part I.

But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs —
• In ev'ry work his hands have fram'd
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Thro' earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

10 C. M. Rippon's Selec.

God is Love. 1 John iv. 8.

1 **A** MID the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy *love* appears
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,
And, in melodious accent, speaks
The *goodness* of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness and truth,
Our solemn awe excite ;
But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name ;
But Sion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs —
In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
Thy love supremely shines.

Part I. ADORATION AND PRAISE. 11, 12

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful, and transporting news,
That God the Lord is *Love*!

11 8s & 7s.

God is Light and Love.

1 **G**OD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he forms, and woe he lightens:
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never:
God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth:
God is light, and God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

12 C. M. Rippon's Selec.

The Holiness of God, Isaiah viii. 13.

1 **H**OLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look and dim!

13 ADORATION AND PRAISE. Part I.

The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.

3 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight ;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

4 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God ;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

5 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach ;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

6 Thou holy God ! preserve my soul
From all pollution free ;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

13 C. M. Watts' Lyrics.
The grace of God ; or, Divine Condescension.

1 **W**HEN the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From tow'rs of haughty kings.

2 He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit ev'ry humble soul
With pleasure in his eyes.

3 Why should the Lord, that reigns above,
Disdain so lofty kings ?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things ?

- 4 Mortals be dumb! what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
All sov'reign and all free:
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

14 L. M. Medley.

The Loving kindness of the Lord.

- 1 **A** WAKE my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Jesus to depart,
But tho' I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;

15 ADORATION AND PRAISE. Part I.

O may my last expiring breath
His loving kindness sing in death !

7 Then let me mount and soar away,
To the bright world of endless day ;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving kindness in the skies.

15 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Divine Perfections.

1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown ?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?

2 The great Invisible ! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes that never sleep
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is a boundless deep
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong
To save or to destroy :
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.

5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees ;
Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.

6 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God ;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

Part I. ADORATION AND PRAISE. 16, 17

7 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word:
Then 't will be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

16 C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

God glorious and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Our thoughts are lost in awe divine,
To see what God performs.
- 3 When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
O, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!
- 4 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Emmanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 5 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

17 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Faithfulness of the Promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 He said, "Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abra'm's God.
- 7 O! might I hear thy heavenly tongue,
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Universal Praise to God.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.
- 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee!

- Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss ;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Let the Creator's name be known :
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 5 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on every chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

19 C. M. Heginbotham.

Endless Praise.

- 1 **Y**ES — I will bless thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days,
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes :
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights
And sweeter raptures rise.
- 4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay :
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

20

L. M. Watts' Lyrics.

God exalted above all Praise.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power ! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee, while the brightest seraph sings
He veils his face behind his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around,
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too :
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High !
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name :
But O ! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and man below ;
Be short our tunes, our words be few ;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

SUPPLICATION.

21

C. M. Montgomery.

Prayer described,

- 1 **P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd, or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
The watch-word at the gates of death;—
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"
- 6 In prayer, on earth the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray!

22

L. M.

Mrs. Steele.

Humble Supplication.

- 1 **L**ORD, how shall wretched sinners dare
Look up to thy divine abode,
Or offer their imperfect prayer
Before a just and holy God?
- 2 Bright terrors guard thine awful seat,
And dazzling glories veil thy face;
C (33)

Yet mercy calls us to thy feet ;
Thy throne is still a throne of grace.

3 Oh ! may our souls thy grace adore ;
May Jesus plead our humble claim,
While thy protection we implore,
In his prevailing, glorious name.

4 Let past experience of thy care
Support our hope — our trust invite ;
Again attend our humble prayer ; —
Let mercy still be thy delight.

23 C. M. Wesley—altered.

Pleading the Name of Jesus.

1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death !

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes :
O, let me now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou wilt not let me die ;
O speak, and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

- 6 The sons of sorrow would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face :
O, let me hear thy quickening voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace.

24 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Light of God's countenance.

- 1 **I** WAIT for thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.
- 2 Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
 And meet them with their eyes ;
- 3 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
 And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
 And finds a brighter day.
- 4 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
 Let Israel seek his face ;
The Lord is good, as well as just,
 And plenteous is his grace.
- 5 There 's full redemption at his throne,
 For sinners long enslav'd ;
The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Israel shall be sav'd.

25

7s.

Hammond.

A Blessing humbly requested.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
 At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O! do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

- 2 Lord, on thee our souls depend ;
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.
- 3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find,
Thee a gracious God, and kind ;
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

26

L. M.

For protection and guidance.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light ;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
O burst these bonds, and set it free !
- 2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way ;
No foes, nor violence I fear,
Nor fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe ;
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 4 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

27

C. M. Rippon's Selec.

The Request.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise :
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free ;
"The blessings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee :
- 3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend ;
"Thy presence through my journey shine,
"And crown my journey's end."

28

C. M.

Jacob travelling. Gen. 28.

- 1 **G**OD of our fathers ! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 Oh spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

29

L. M.

To the Holy Trinity.

- 1 **F**ATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.
 - 2 Almighty Son! incarnate Word!
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.
 - 3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.
 - 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!
-

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

30

C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

God's wonders in Creation.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee all thy creatures sing;
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.
- 2 Thy hand — how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

- 3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strikes the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 4 Almighty power, and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder — God.
- 5 But still, the wonders of thy grace
Our warmer passions move ;
Here we behold our Saviour's face,
And we adore his love.

31 L. M. Tate & Brady.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth,
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.
- 2 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 3 Oh enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.
- 4 For he's the Lord — supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

32

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Creation, Providence, and Grace.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord,
His mercies still endure;
And be the King of kings ador'd,
His truth is ever sure.
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
How mighty is his hand!
Heaven, earth, and sea he fram'd alone:
How wide is his command!
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light:
How bright his counsels shine!
The moon and stars adorn the night!
His works are all divine.
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin;
He felt his pity move;
How sad the state the world was in;
How boundless was his love!
- 5 He sent to save us from our woe;
His goodness never fails;
From death, and hell, and every foe;
And still his grace prevails!
- 6 Give thanks to God, the heavenly King;
His mercies still endure;
Let the whole earth his praises sing;
His truth is ever sure.

33

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness
Through all the terrors of the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still let us lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

34 L. M. Doddridge.
God's Goodness to the Children of Men.
Ps. cvii. 31.

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll;
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing, earth, in verdant robes array'd —
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.
- 4 But, Oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.
- 5 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar!
There, in the land of praise, adore;

The theme demands an angel's lay —
Demands an everlasting day.

35

C. M.

Beddome.

Mysteries to be explained hereafter.
John xiii. 7.

- 1 GREAT God of providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 The wondrous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t' approach,
The farther off they fly.
- 3 But in the world of bliss above
Where thou dost ever reign,
These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.
- 4 The Sun of righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display,
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day.

36

C. M.

Cowper.

Light shining out of Darkness.

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

37

C. M.

Addison.

The Traveller's Psalm.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save,
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

38

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt the dangerous way.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves ;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 4 'T is God that brings them safe to land ;
Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 5 O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

39

C. M.

Fawcett.

Imperfect Knowledge.

- 1 **T**HY way, O God ! is in the sea,
Thy paths I cannot trace ;

- Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround,
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.
- 3 When I behold thy awful hand
My earthly hopes destroy ;—
In deep astonishment I stand,
And ask the reason, why ?
- 4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above !
- 5 'Tis but in part I know thy will ;
I bless thee for the sight :
When will thy love the rest reveal
In glory's clearer light ?
- 6 With rapture shall I then survey
Thy providence and grace ;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.
-

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

40 L. M. Watts' Psalms.
*The Books of Nature and of Scripture
compared.*

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess:
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

41

C. M.

Cowper.

The Light and Glory of God's Word.

- 1 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 His hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

42

P. M.

Newton.

Precious Bible.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible ! — what a treasure
Does the word of God afford !
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword ;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys ;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy ;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.
- 3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find ;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.
- 4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield ;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield :
While the scripture-truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's sword ;
Then with ease I drive him from me ;
Satan trembles at the word :
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

- 6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store ?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich — 'tis he is poor :
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

43 C. M.

The Guiding Star.

- 1 **B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
'The gracious call obey ;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.
- 4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given,
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

44 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above;
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his Almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind;
This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised and cloth'd afresh;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heavenly light,
Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the Lamb;
While the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

45 C. M. Beddome.

The refreshing Word.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, thy word of truth affords
A balm for every wound;
D

Hence all our hopes of bliss arise,
And here our peace is found.

2 The tree of life, beneath whose shade
The weary pilgrim sits;
And there regaling on its fruits,
With sweet refreshment meets.

3 The sure foundation of our faith,
And source of all our joy,
May it our warmest thoughts engage,
Our inmost souls employ.

4 But not on us alone bestow,
These records of thy love,
Let distant lands thy truth receive,
And all its blessings prove.

46

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

*The excellency and sufficiency of the Holy
Scriptures.*

1 **F**ATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;

And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

47 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Holy Scriptures.

1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.

- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here, sinners of an humble frame,
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here, Jesus in ten thousand ways
His soul-attracting charms displays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls:
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage!

49 C. M. Rippon's Selec.

Value of the inspired Volume.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
- 3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

50 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Law and Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
Breaks out his fiery law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And smiling from above
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 We read the heavenly word,
We take the offer'd grace,

Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

- 5 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine;
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

51 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Praise for the Divine Promises.

- 1 **P**RAISE to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 2 Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 3 Each of them powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made heav'ns go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 4 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts which our Maker gives.
- 5 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith!
To embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 6 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

THE FALL AND REDEMPTION.

52

L. M.

Watts.

The Fall and Redemption.

- 1 **A**DAM our Father and our head
Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us
dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair;
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But, O! unutterable grace,
The Son of God takes Adam's place,
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his arms and bleeds and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood:
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes!
Ye saints below, and saints above,
All bow to this mysterious love.

53

L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Adam and Christ.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place.
- 2 But O, what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

3 See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with power divine.

4 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

54

L. M.

Doddridge.

*Lamentation and Prayer for Man's lost
condition.*

1 **A**RISE, my tenderest thoughts, arise,
To torrents melt my streaming eyes ;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
The world abused ; the soul undone.

3 See the short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Through briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God ! I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men ;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And snatch the fire-brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

55 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Praise for Redeeming Love.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.
- 5 O! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 6 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
O, set our souls on flame!
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name!
- 7 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

56

S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Love and Mercy of God.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

57

C. M.

Stennett.

The glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

1 Tim. i. 11.

- 1 **W**HAT wisdom, majesty, and grace,
Through all the gospel shine !
'Tis God that speaks, and we confess
The doctrine most divine.

- 2 Down from his starry throne on high,
The almighty Saviour comes ;
Lays his bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.
- 3 The mighty debt, that sinners ow'd,
Upon the cross he pays ;
Then thro' the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.
- 4 There he our great High-Priest appears
Before his Father's throne ;
Mingles his merits with our tears,
And pours salvation down.
- 5 Great God, with rev'rence we adore
Thy justice and thy grace :
And on thy faithfulness and pow'r
Our firm dependence place.

58 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Redemption, and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE my soul, my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.
- 2 He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace,
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.
- 6 Arise, my soul: awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

State of Nature of Grace.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven,
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free
And breaks the fatal chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,

Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

60

L. M.

Mrs. Steele.

Christ the Physician of the soul.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.
- 2 But can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?
- 3 There is a great physician near;
Look up, my fainting soul, and live!
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such help as nature cannot give.
- 4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'Tis only that dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain — and heal thy woe.
- 5 Sin throws in vain its poison'd dart,
For here a sov'reign cure is found;
A cordial for the fainting heart,
A healing balm for every wound.

61

S. M.

Watts' Hymns.

Christ's Humiliation and Reward.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God;
Each wandering in a different way;
But all the downward road.

(61)

- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wanderings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a numerous seed
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong;
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

The Brazen Serpent ; or, Looking to Jesus.

- 1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;
High in the heavens he reigns:

Here sinners, by the old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

63 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

*Few saved ; or, the Almost Christian, the
Hypocrite, and Apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

64 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Justification by Faith, not by Works.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built ;

Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

65

S. M.

Newton.

Balaam's wish.

1 **H**OW blest the righteous are,
When they resign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wish'd to share
In such a happy death.

2 Oh, let me die, said he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended, let me be
Found with the faithful few.

3 The force of truth how great,
When enemies confess,
None but the righteous whom they hate
A solid hope possess!

4 But Balaam's wish was vain,
His heart was insincere;
He thirsted for unrighteous gain,
And sought a portion here.

5 May we, O Lord, Most High!
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we would die,
To choose the life they live.

66 L. M. 6 ls. Newton: alt'd.

Wheat and Tares, or Last Harvest.

1 **T**HIS is the field—the world below,
Where wheat and tares together grow;
Where oft we see, in mingled band,
Sinners and saints together stand;
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 We seem as one, when thus we meet,
And bow before the mercy seat ;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise ;
And soon the reaping time, &c.

3 To love my sins — a saint t' appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare,
May serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow;
But soon the reaping time, &c.

4 Most awful truth, and is it so!
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare? —
Me for the harvest Lord prepare:
For soon the reaping time, &c.

5 Then all who truly righteous are,
Shall in their Father's kingdom share;
But tares in bundles shall be bound,
And cast in hell — O ! doleful sound !
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

67 S. M. Watts' Psalms.

Folly of envying the Prosperity of Sinners.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 4 Thy word with light and power
Does my mistake amend;
I view'd the sinner's life before,
But here I learn his end.
- 5 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And oh! that dreadful, fiery deep
That waits their fall below!
- 6 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

68 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

*Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Im-
penitence.*

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've
done;

Children of wrath made heirs of heaven,
By faith in God's beloved Son.

- 2 Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief!
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

69 C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

Sanctification and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HERE shall we sinners hide our heads?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall we wrap us in the shades
Of midnight and the grave?
- 2 Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds we fly;
Bedew us with thy blood.
- 3 Those guardian drops our souls secure,
And wash away our sin;
Eternal justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.
- 4 We bless that wondrous purple stream,
That cleanses every stain;
Yet are our souls but half redeem'd,
If sin, the tyrant, reign.
- 5 Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall;
Ye flattering plagues that work our death,
Fly, for we hate you all.

70 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Prosperity without God.

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more
 Who grow profanely great,
 Though they increase their golden store,
 And rise to wondrous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow
 Upon this earthly clod,
 Well they may search the creature through,
 For they have ne'er a God.
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
 And think your life your own;
 But death comes hastening on to you
 To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,
 Away your spirit flies,
 And no kind angel near your bed
 To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now and boast of all your stores,
 And tell how bright they shine;
 Your heaps of glittering dust are your's,
 And my Redeemer's mine.

71 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shine!
- 2 But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
 Thy sanctuary taught me so:

Part I. SAINTS AND SINNERS. 72, 73

On slippery rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when man awakes ;
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

4 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

72 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.

1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
" Bless'd is the man that hears my word,
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 " The soul that seeks me shall obtain
" Immortal wealth and heavenly gain
" Immortal life is his reward —
" Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 " But the vile wretch that flies from me,
" Does his own soul an injury ;
" Fools, that against my grace rebel,
" Seek death, and love the road to hell."

73 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The different Success of the Gospel.

1 **C**HRIST and his cross is all our theme ;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath:
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.
-

AWAKENING AND INVITING.

The Last Account.

- 1 **I** SAW, beyond the tomb,
The awful Judge appear!
Prepared to scan, with strict account,
The blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath, like flaming fire,
In hell for ever burns;
And, from that hopeless world of woe,
No fugitive returns.
- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close —
The summer soon be o'er —
And soon, your injur'd, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

My Spirit shall not always strive.

Gen. vi. 3.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within,
 Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
 Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path
 Of worldliness and vanity,
 And pointed to the coming wrath,
 And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.

"Where shall the Sinner appear."

- 1 **W**HEN thy mortal life is fled,
 When the death-shades o'er thee
 spread,
 Thou hast finish'd earth's career,
 Sinner, where wilt thou appear?
- 2 When the world has pass'd away,
 When draws near the judgment day,

When the awful trump shall sound
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?

- 3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might ;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
- 4 Sinner, what shall soothe thy heart,
When the saints and thou must part ?
When the good with joy are crown'd,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found ?
- 5 When those dreadful scenes shall end,
When the saints to heaven ascend,
When their songs shall strike thy ear,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear ?
- 6 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Sinner, to thy Saviour fly ;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Thou in heaven shalt then appear.

The Final Doom.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heav'n before his face
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !

4 Ye sinners seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessing on your head.

78 L. M. Dwight.

Warning.

1 **W**HILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heav'n.

2 While God invites, how blest the day
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
"Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
"While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 "Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
"Shall death command you to the grave,
"Before his bar your spirits bring,
"And none be found to hear, or save.

4 "In that lone land of deep despair,
"No gospel's heav'nly light shall rise;
"No God regard your bitter pray'r,
"Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

79 C. M. Fawcett.

Let the wicked forsake his ways.

1 **S**INNERS, the voice of God regard;
His mercy speaks to-day;

He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travail all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

3 But he, who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive,
Of those who seek his face.

4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts!
He pardons like a God!
He will forgive your numerous faults
Through our Redeemer's blood.

To-day. Heb. iv. 7.

1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer wisdom you despise
The harder is she to be won.

2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's sun,
For fear the curse should thee arrest;
Before the morrow is begun.

81 C. M. Medley.

Whosoever will, let him come.

- 1 **O** WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring !
Here love — unchanging love abounds,
A deep celestial spring.
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

82 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Life the Day of Grace and Hope.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;

The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust :
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in perpetual silence there.

Praying for Sinners.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Display thy saving power :
Thy mercy let these outcasts find,
And know their gracious hour.
- 2 O would'st thou cast a pitying look,
All goodness as thou art,
(Like that which faithless Peter's broke,)
On each obdurate heart !
- 3 Open their eyes thy cross to see,
Their ears to hear thy cries ;
Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
For thee he weeps and dies.

- 4 All the day long he meekly stands,
His rebels to receive,
And shows his wounds and spreads his
hands,
And bids you turn and live.
- 5 Turn, and your sins of deepest dye
He will with blood efface:
E'en now he waits the blood t' apply;
Be sav'd, be sav'd by grace!

84

P. M.

Hart.

Sinners freely invited.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and pow'r:
He is able,
He is willing;—doubt no more.
- 2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh—
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is—to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall:
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

- 5 View him prostrate in the garden ;
On the ground your Saviour lies !
On the bloody tree behold him :
Hear him cry before he dies —
“ It is finished ! ” —
Sinner, will not *this* suffice ?
- 6 Lo ! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood :
Venture on him, venture wholly ;
Let no other trust intrude ;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name :
Hallelujah !
Sinners *here* may sing the same.

85

S. M.

Doddridge.

Uncertainty of Time.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine !
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.

- 4 To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beams should die
 In sudden endless night.

86 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Invitation of the Gospel.

- 1 **L**ET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The happy gates of gospel-grace
 Stand open night and day;—
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
 And drive our wants away.

87

P. M. Rippon's Selec.

Yet there is room.

- 1 **Y**E dying sons of men,
Immerg'd in sin and woe,
The Gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame,
All things are ready; sinner, come;
For every trembling soul there 's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word,
His servants now proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name;
Backsliding souls, return and come;
Cast off despair, there yet is room.
- 4 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near,
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will, now come,
In mercy's breast there still is room.

88

L. M.

Collyer.

Wanderers called Home.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep, repentant sigh;
He heard thy soften'd spirit mourn,
When no intruding ear was nigh.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And cast away thy slavish fear;
'T is God, who says, "No longer mourn;"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

89 S. M.

The Spirit and the Bride, &c. Rev.
xxii. 17.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'T is Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
F

Lord, even so! we wait thy hour:
O blest Redeemer, come!

90

L. M.

Wesley.

The Freeness of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh;
(’T is God invites the fallen race;) Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Come to the living waters, come:
Sinners, obey your Maker’s call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace reach’d out to all.
- 3 See from the rock a fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden’d, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

91

L. M.

— Altered.

Sinners invited to Christ.

- 1 **C**OME, all ye souls by sin oppress’d,
Ye weary wanderers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim’d, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 2 See him set forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding sacrifice!
The gift divine with joy embrace,
Bow to the sceptre of his grace.

- 3 My message as from God receive ;
Come, guilty souls, to Christ and live ;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor hear the gracious call in vain.
- 4 His love is mighty to compel ;
His conquering love consent to feel ;
Yield to his love's constraining pow'r,
And fight against your God no more.

92 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ's Invitation. Matt. xi. 28.

- 1 " COME hither, all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me,
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Blest is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

93 C. M. Ed. Jones.

The Successful Resolve.

- 1 COME, burden'd sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear oppress,
And make this last resolve :

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
"Hath like a mountain rose ;
"I know his courts, I'll enter in,
"Whatever may oppose :
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
"And there my guilt confess ;
"I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
"Without his sovereign grace :
- 4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
"Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
"Perhaps he may command my touch,
"And then the suppliant lives.
- 5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,*
"Perhaps will hear my prayer ;
"But if I perish I will pray,
"And perish only there.
- 6 "I can but perish if I go,
"I am resolv'd to try ;
"For if I stay away, I know
"I must for ever die."

Doubting Sinner called.

- 1 **S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by ;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry :
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,

* Thus a convinced sinner expresses his feelings :
but the Gospel affords a stronger plea than a *per-*
haps.

See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Emanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to save thy soul from hell,
Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds:
Hark! from each as with a tongue,
The voice of pardon sounds!
See from all his bursting veins,
Blood of wondrous virtue flow!
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from woe.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death,
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes, and see
What throngs the throne surround!
These, though sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found;
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he says, "there yet is room:"
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

95

P. M.

The Royal Proclamation.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruin'd sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heav'n and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

- 2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
"Rebel sinners, royal favour
Now is offer'd by the Saviour."
Jesus reigns, &c.

- 3 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly;
Turn, or you are lost for ever;
O! now turn to God the Saviour.
Jesus reigns, &c.

- 4 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money,
Mercy flowing, like a fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.
Jesus reigns, &c.

- 5 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,
Roaring thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.
Jesus reigns, &c.

- 6 Now our hearts have caught new fire;
Brethren, raise your voices higher;

Shout, with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.

Jesus reigns, &c.

- 7 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.

Jesus reigns, &c.

- 8 Shout, ye saints ; make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchas'd our redemption ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.

Jesus reigns, &c.

96

7s.

The heavy laden invited.

- 1 Come, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load ;
Jesus calls the wand'ers home ;
Hasten to your pard'ning God,
Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call ;
"Come, and I will give you rest ;
"Come, and I will save you all."

- 2 Jesus, full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,
Faithful let thy mercies prove,
Take our load of guilt away.
Weary of this war within,
Weary of this endless strife,
Weary of ourselves and sin,
Weary of a wretched life.

- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
Burden'd with our sinful load,

Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,
 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

PENITENTIAL.

97

S. M.

Desiring Repentance.

- 1 **O** THAT I could repent,
 With all my idols part;
 And to thy gracious eye present
 An humble contrite heart!
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd
 For having griev'd my God;
 A troubled heart that cannot rest
 Till sprinkled with thy blood.
- 3 Jesus, on me bestow
 The penitent desire:
 With true sincerity of woe
 My aching heart inspire.
- 4 With softening pity look,
 And melt my hardness down:
 Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
 And break this heart of stone.

98

C. M.

Stennett.

The Converted Thief.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,
 And wept, and bled, and died,

He pour'd salvation on a wretch,
That languish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd:

3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
"Thou spotless Lamb of God!
"I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
"And weltering in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
"In triumph thou shalt rise,
"Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
"And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
"Dear Saviour, think on me,
"And in the victories of thy death
"Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,
And instantly replies,
"To-day thy parting soul shall be
"With me in paradise."

99

C. M.

Prayer for repentance.

1 **O**H for that tenderness of heart,
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 Oh, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt, which trembling fears
The long-suspended blow!

- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give
For sin the deep distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace! —
- 4 Oh fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will;
Raise my desires and hopes above,
'Thyself to me reveal.

Penitential Pleadings.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord — O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free
May not a sinner trust in thee?
- 2 My crimes are great — but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd — but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well
- 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,

Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

101

L. M.

The Burden of Sin.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
The labour of thy dying love.
- 4 I would ; but thou must give the pow'r
My heart from every sin release :
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill my soul with heavenly peace.
- 5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay ;
Appear, in my poor heart, appear ;
My God, my Saviour, come away !

102

P. M. Rippon's Selec.

Penitent Backslider.

- 1 **J**ESUS, let thy pitying eye,
Call back a wandering sheep ;
False to thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep ;

(91)

Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all its freeness shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart;
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart;
 * Give, what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy love unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love,
 Smile in thy gracious eye:
 Speak the reconciling word,
 And let thy mercy melt me down;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

- 4 Look, as when thy languid eye
 Was clos'd that we might live;
 "Father," (at the point to die,
 My Saviour gasp'd) "forgive!"
 Surely, with that dying word,
 He turns, and looks, and cries, "Tis done!"
 O, my loving, bleeding Lord,
 This breaks my heart of stone.

Humble Penitence and Prayer.

- 1 **O** THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye:—

- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said — "Return?"
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!
- 4 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

104

S. M.

Beddome.

The Tenderness of Christ.

- 1 **D**ID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from ev'ry eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept, that we might weep,
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

105

L. M.

J. H. Hinton.

Prepare to meet thy God.

- 1 **A**ND must I see thy awful face,
Great God, and meet thy piercing eye?

Be welcom'd to thy blest embrace,
Or from thy utmost terrors fly ?

2 O ! when I make my last remove,
And, trembling, leave this house of clay,
Meet me in mercy, God of love,
Nor drive my guilty soul away !

3 Here in thy house I seek thee now ;
Forgive my sins, my soul renew ;
In life thy mercy let me know,
Then die, thy face with joy to view !

Earnest Prayer and Deprecation.

1 **T**HOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs and bloody sweat !

2 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire
Remove this load of guilty woe,
Nor let me in my sins expire !

3 I tremble, lest the wrath divine,
Which bruises now my wretched soul,
Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,
Long as eternal ages roll.

4 To thee my last distress I bring ;
The heighten'd fear of death I find ;
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
Appears, and hell is close behind.

5 I dread that awful death alone,
That endless banishment from thee ;
O save, and give me to thy Son,
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me !

107

7s.

Collyer.

Penitential View of the suffering Saviour.

- 1 **T**O the cross where Jesus dies,
Where my Lord resigns his breath,
Where affliction veils his eyes,
Swimming in the tears of death:
Thither, bringing all my guilt,
From avenging wrath I flee,
To the blood of sprinkling spilt —
Spilt to set the sinner free.
- 2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
Peace his quivering lips impart;
Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
Issuing from a broken heart;
Let me feel this healing power,
Let this harden'd heart of stone,
Melt beneath the purple shower,
From his body trickling down.
- 3 On those temples crown'd with thorns,
Suff'ring majesty appears;
Love that dying face adorns,
Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears;
Pierce the shadows of the heart
With the lightning of that eye;
Smiles of peace to me impart;—
Jesus, save me, or I die!

108

S. M.

The Spirit of Penitence desired.

- 1 **A**H! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

- 2 My Saviour bids me come,
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay!
- 3 What is it keeps me back
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
- 4 Some evil thing unknown,
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I will not own,
Some secret bosom sin.
- 5 Jesus, the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.
- 6 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

Repentance and Faith in Christ.

- 1 **T**HOUGH I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 2 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 3 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

- 4 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 5 Oh ! may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

110 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

The Stony heart lamented.

- 1 **L**ORD ! shed a beam of heav'nly day,
To melt this stubborn stone away ;
And thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart — this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend, the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake ;
Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
All but an adamant would melt ;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.
- 4 But One can yet perform the deed ;
That *One* in all his grace I need ;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.
- 5 O Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !
On me let streams of mercy roll :
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart — this frozen heart of mine.

111

C. M.

Lord, remember me.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O Lord, remember me!
- 2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me!
- 3 Thou wond'rous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O Lord, remember me!
- 4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O Lord, remember me!
- 5 Howe'er forsaken or distress'd,
Howe'er oppress'd I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me!
- 6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my great Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me!

112

C. M. Rippon's Selec.

Humble Pleadings for Mercy.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;

- With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.
- 2 On us the vast extent display
Of thy forgiving love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.
- 3 'Tis mercy, mercy, we implore;
O may thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And thou thyself art love.
- 4 O for thy own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive!
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break;
And, breaking, soon relieve.
- 5 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repossess thy throne.

113

C. M.

Cowper.

Pleading with Christ.

- 1 **H**EAL us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand;
Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Remember him who once apply'd,
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears, he cry'd,
"Oh, help my unbelief."
- 3 She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh, send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

The Penitent's Plea.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thine humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation —
See! I languish, faint, and die.
Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet, repenting —
Send, O send me quick relief!
- 2 Whither should a wretch be flying
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?
While I view thee, wounded, grieving,
Breathless, on the cursed tree,
Fain I'd feel my heart believing
Thou did'st suffer thus for me.
- 3 Hear, then blessed Saviour, hear me:
See me prostrate in the dust;
Send the Comforter to cheer me;
Lo! in thee I put my trust.
On the word thy blood hath seal'd,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed;
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall.
- 4 In the world of endless ruin,
Let it never, Lord, be said,
"Here's a soul that perish'd, suing
"For the boasted Saviour's aid!"

Sav'd! — the dead shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above
Angels sing the pleasing story
All enraptur'd with thy love.

115

L. M.

Prayer for Pardon.

- 1 **T**HOU Prince of glory, slain for me,
Breathing forgiveness in thy prayer;
That loving, melting look I see,
That bursting sigh, that tender tear.
- 2 Let me but hear thy dying voice
Pronounce forgiveness in my breast;
My trembling spirit shall rejoice,
And feel the calm of heavenly rest.
- 3 Lord, thine atoning blood apply,
And life or death is sweet to me;
In life's last hour, thy presence, nigh,
From fear shall set my spirit free.

116

C. M. Rippon's Selec.

Self-denial and Prayer.

- 1 **A**ND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right! since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go! — one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee, Supremely Good!
Divinely Bright and Fair!

- 4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I'd glory in my gain.

117 C. M. Addison ; alt'd.

The Judgment anticipated.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face —
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ; —
- 3 When Thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh, how shall I appear !
- 4 Then see my sorrows, gracious Lord ;
Let mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My heart takes hold of thee.
- 5 For never shall my soul despair
Thy mercy to procure ;
Since thy beloved Son has died
To make that mercy sure !

118 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Godly Sorrow from Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my sovereign die ?

Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHORUS.

O the pain that Jesus bore,
Upon Mount Calvary!
There he was slain, but lives again,
To intercede for me.

2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious Sufferer stood!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'T is all that I can do.

119

7s.

Astonishing Grace.

1 **D**EPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me the chief of sinners spare?

(103)

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "how shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 2 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

The Effort.

- 1 **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,

I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Jesus died!"

5 O wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul, be still!
"My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jesus speaks — I must, I will,
I can, I *do* believe.

121

10s.

The same subject.

1 **C**CHEER up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-
swers pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea,
Without thy word I durst not venture nigh;
But thou hast call'd the burden'd soul to
thee;
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for rest

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy side;
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
And answer ev'ry charge with "Jesus died."

5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
and die,
Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
tions mean;

Such was thy love, and now enthron'd on high,
The same compassions in thy bosom reign.

- 6 Lord give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease to grieve:
He shows me what he did, and who he is,
I must, I will, I can, I do believe.
-

CONVERSION.

122

S. M.

Wesley.

The Soul given up to Christ.

- 1 **A**ND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;

Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

- 5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know;
Freely to yield all other bliss,
All other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter and keep my heart.

123 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more;
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,
For Jesus I adore.
- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin,

124

P. M.

Wesley.

Efficacy of Christ's Blood.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead:
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
Forgive him, O forgive! they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry.

125

S. M.

The Ark of Safety.

- 1 **L**IKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found:
- 2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation bless'd.
- 5 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire,
Then rest on Zion's hill.

126

L. M. Watts' Sermons.

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy witness speaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal,
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 2 'Tis God's renewing, gracious hand,
That moulds and forms the heart anew;

Transgressors can no more withstand,
But bow and own his doctrine true.

- 3 The guilty wretch, that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
The soul, that was averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 4 Let proud opposers cease their strife,
And own, O Lord, the work is thine;
The voice, that calls the dead to life,
Must be almighty and divine.

Joy, over one Sinner that repenteth.

- 1 **O** HOW divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan:
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire;
"The sinner lost, is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

128

C. M.

Newton.

Looking at the Cross.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain ;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid !
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
" This blood is for thy ransom paid,
" I die that thou may'st live."
- 7 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

129

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

The joy of a remarkable Conversion.

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd thy power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

130

7s.

Newton.

The Two Malefactors.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN grace hath pow'r alone
To subdue a heart of stone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.
- 2 When our Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died;

One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

- 3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.
- 4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case;
Faith receiv'd to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.
- 5 "Lord (he pray'd) remember me,
"When in glory thou shalt be!"
"Soon with me (the Lord replies)
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."
- 6 This was wond'rous grace indeed:
Grace vouchsaf'd in time of need:
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name:
Thou shall find him still the same.
- 7 But beware of unbelief;
Think upon the harden'd thief;
If the Gospel you disdain,
Christ *to you* has died in vain.

131

C. M.

Newton.

The Prodigal Son.

- 1 **A**FFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopt the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relenting felt,
Till he had spent his store;
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.

H

(113)

- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame, and fear;
"My father's house abounds with bread,
"While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
"And fall before his face;
"Unworthy to be call'd his son,
"I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father, I've sinned — but O forgive!"
"Enough!" — the father said;
"Rejoice my house, my son's alive,
"For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
"And spread the news around;
"My son was dead, but lives again,
"Was lost but now is found."
- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

132

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Value of Christ and his Righteousness.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;

My former pride I count my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake :
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

133

C. M. Village Hymns.

The Penitent Forgiven.

- 1 **A**S once the Saviour took his seat —
Attracted by his fame,
And lowly bending at his feet,
An humble suppliant came.
- 2 Asham'd to lift her streaming eyes,
His holy glance to meet,
She pour'd her costly sacrifice
Upon the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Oppress'd with sin and sorrow's weight,
And sinking in despair,
With tears she wash'd his sacred feet,
And wip'd them with her hair.
- 4 "Depart in peace," the Saviour said,
"Thy sins are all forgiv'n!"
The trembling sinner rais'd her head,
In peaceful hopes of heav'n.

163

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born.
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

135

P. M.

The Joy of Assurance.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And whose treasures are laid up above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.
- 2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believ'd,
O! what joy I receiv'd!
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'T was a heaven below,
My Redeemer to know,

And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Saviour of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh! that all his salvation might see!
He hath lov'd me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem rebel-sinners like me.

5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again.

6 O! the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly bless'd,
Overwhelm'd with the fulness of God.

7 What a mercy is this!
What a heaven of bliss!
How unspeakably favour'd am I!
Gather'd into the fold,
With believers enroll'd,
With believers to live and to die!

8 Now my remnant of days
Would I spend to his praise,
Who hath died my poor soul to redeem;
Whether many or few,
All my years are his due;—
May they all be devoted to him.

136

L. M.

Cennick.

Jesus, the Way to Heaven.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my All, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went —
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness —
I'll go; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I seem'd to stumble but the more;
'Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"
- 5 Lo! glad I come! and thou, blest Lamb,
Wilt take me to thee as I am!
My sinful self to thee I give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found:
I'll point to thy redeeming blood;
And say — *Behold the way to God!*"

137

L. M.

H. K. White.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;

One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem:
When suddenly a star arose;
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem;
For ever and for evermore,
The star — the star of Bethlehem.

138 P. M.

Tune: — "There's nothing true but Heaven."

Delusion corrected.

1 **W**HEN toss'd on error's stormy tide,
From doubt to darkness driven,
'Twas thine my wandering thoughts to
guide,
And bid the world no more divide
My erring heart from heaven.

2 As more to fancy's wildering song
That heart's applause was given,

To charm it from the joyless throng,
Thy warning seem'd to breathe along,
The holy lyre of heaven.

3 Yet though the warning voice was sweet,
As the last sigh of even,
My soul, within its dark retreat,
Reluctant shrunk, and fear'd to meet
A messenger from heaven.

4 But soon the chain that bound my soul,
By mercy's hand was riven;
I saw the clouds asunder roll,
And truth, unerring as the pole,
Allur'd me back to heaven.

5 My grateful heart must ever glow,
While life and strength are given,
With feelings, those alone can know,
Whom thou hast led to seek below
The blissful hope of heaven.

139

11s.

Tune — "Sweet Home."

The Wanderer brought Home.

1 **A**N alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures
to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Saviour, direct me to heaven my home.

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures unfailing in Jesus are given —
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.
Home! home! &c.
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

- 3 Allure me no longer, ye false-glowing charms,
The Saviour invites me — I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home!
Home! home! &c.
O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my home.
- 4 The days of my exile are passing away, —
The time is approaching when Jesus will say,
“ Well done, faithful-servant! — come enter thy
rest,
“ And dwell in my presence, eternally blest.”
Home! home! &c.
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home.
- 5 Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er;
The saints shall unite to be parted no more;
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome;
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
They dwell with the Saviour for ever at home.

BAPTISM.

140

C. M. Rippon's Selec.

Asking the Way to Zion.

- 1 **I**NQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill;
And thither set your steady face
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 O come, and to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there;

Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent pray'r.

- 4 O come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings he bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

141 C. M. Rippon's Selec.
*The Believer constrained by the Love of
Christ to follow him.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, and will thy pard'ning love
Embrace a wretch so vile?
Wilt thou my load of guilt remove,
And bless me with thy smile?
- 2 Hast thou the cross for me endured,
And all its shame despised?
And shall I be ashamed, O Lord,
With thee to be baptized?
- 3 Didst thou the great example lead,
In Jordan's swelling flood?
And shall my pride disdain the deed,
That's worthy of my God?
- 4 Dear Lord, the ardour of thy love
Reproves my cold delays;
And now my willing footsteps move
In thy delightful ways.

142 C. M. Ryland.
Difficulties in the way of Duty surmounted.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

- 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
- 3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
Hinder me not, for I am bound,
To my IMMANUEL'S land.
- 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.

143

L. M.

Stennett.

A Baptismal Hymn.

- 1 SEE how the willing converts trace
The path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid grave
The meek, the lowly Son of God!
- 2 Here they renounce their former deeds,
And to a heavenly life aspire;
Their rags for glorious robes exchanged,
They shine in clean and bright attire.
- 3 O sacred rite, by thee, to own
The name of Jesus we begin:
This is our resurrection pledge,
Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
- 4 Glory to God on high be given,
Who shows his grace to sinful men:
Let saints on earth, and hosts in heaven,
In concert join their loud amen.

Christ's Example.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour bow'd beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come see the sacred path he trod,
A path well pleasing to our God.
- 2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.
- 3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine?
High o'er the heavens for ever reign,
O Lamb of God! for sinners slain!

Before Baptism.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we own thy sovereign sway,
For thou art good and just;
Help us thy precepts to obey,
And in thy name to trust.
- 2 Taught by thy Spirit and thy word,
We in thy truth confide,
Regardless of a frowning world,
Who oft thy saints deride.
- 3 Wast thou in Jordan's flood baptiz'd,
Our great exalted Head!
O, may we follow, though despis'd,
And in thy footsteps tread.
- 4 Buried beneath the yielding wave,
O Jesus, we would be;

And rising from the liquid grave,
Would live, O Lord, to thee.

- 5 Thus when the great archangel's voice
Shall wake our sleeping dust,
Releas'd from death, we'll then rejoice,
And dwell among the just.

146

8s & 7s.

Fawcett.

Invitation to follow Christ.

- 1 **H**UMBLE souls, who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod :
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide ;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sovereign guide.
- 2 Hear the blest Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice ;
Dread no ill that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice :
Jesus says, " Let each believer
" Be baptized in my name ;"
He himself in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the stream.
- 3 Plainly here his footsteps tracing,
Follow him without delay :
Gladly his command embracing,
Lo ! your Captain leads the way.
View the rite with understanding,
Jesus' grave before you lies ;
Be immers'd at his commanding,
After his example rise.

147

L. M.

Gregg.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 **J**ESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No; when I blush — be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross — the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.

148

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Believers buried with Christ in Baptism.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord;
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:

So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

- 3 No more let sin nor Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

149

C. M.

About to perform the Ordinance.

- 1 SAVIOUR! we seek the watery tomb
Illum'd by love divine,
Far from the deep tremendous gloom
Of that which once was thine.
- 2 Down to the hallow'd grave we go,
Obedient to thy word ;
'Tis thus the world around shall know
We're buried with the Lord.
- 3 'Tis thus we bid its pomps adieu,
And boldly venture in :
O may we rise to life anew,
And only die to sin.

150

S. M. Mrs. Sigourney.

The same.

- 1 SAVIOUR, thy law we love,
Thy pure example bless,
And with a firm unwavering zeal
Would in thy footsteps press.
- 2 Not to the fiery pains
By which the martyrs bled ;
Not to the scourge, the thorn, the cross,
Our favour'd feet are led :

- 3 But at this peaceful tide,
Assembled in thy fear,
The homage of obedient hearts
We humbly offer here.

151 L. M.

Before or after: Improvement of Baptism.

- 1 COME all ye sons of grace, and view
Your bleeding Saviour's love to you;
Behold him sink with heavy woes,
And give his life to save his foes!
- 2 When you behold the sacred wave,
You see the emblem of his grave:
Come all who would his laws obey,
And view the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 When you ascend above the flood,
Then call to mind the rising God:
Ye saints, lift up your joyful eyes,
Exulting see your Saviour rise.
- 4 Ye too are buried with your Lord,
Who in the water own his word,
And joyfully behold therein
An emblem of your death to sin.
- 5 Fresh from the stream, and fill'd with love,
Far from the tents of sin remove;
Nobly from strength to strength proceed,
And rise to every righteous deed.

152 C. M.

The Baptismal Tomb.

- 1 THE Jordan prophet cries to-day,
"Behold the Lamb of God;"

- The Spirit's consecrating ray
Still lingering o'er the flood.
- 2 Before the symbol wave we bend,
And shed contrition's tear,
And own again our buried Friend,
And learn his sorrows here.
- 3 Saviour, within this shadowy tomb,
Let us the glory see,
Which pierc'd the deep, unearthly gloom
Of that which closed on thee.
- 4 Pure as thine own baptismal sign,
So let our faith arise,
To live that hidden life of thine —
That life which never dies.

153 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

The Administrator.

- 1 'GO, teach the nations, and baptize,'
Aloud th' ascending Jesus cries:
His glad apostles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.
- 2 Commission'd thus by Zion's King,
We to his holy laver bring
These happy converts, who have known
And trusted in his grace alone.
- Lord, in thy house they seek thy face,
O bless them with peculiar grace;
Refresh their souls with love divine,
Let beams of glory round them shine.

154

L. M.

Baldwin.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

- 1 JESUS forsook the realms of light,
And downward bent his wondrous flight;
Assum'd a body form'd of clay,
And in the humble manger lay.
- 2 To Jordan's stream, the way he led,
To mark the path his saints should tread:
They love to trace this sacred way,
And *see the place where Jesus lay.*
- 3 Immers'd by John in Jordan's wave,
Rising, he left the watery grave;
Heav'n own'd the deed, approv'd the way,
And bless'd *the place where Jesus lay.*
- 4 Come, all who love his precious name,
Come tread his steps, and learn of him:
Bless'd and approv'd of God are they
Who find *the place where Jesus lay.*
- 5 Buried with Christ they die to sin,
Then rise with him to live and reign;
Obedient still go on their way,
And leave *the place where Jesus lay.*
- 6 Prepar'd by grace, at length they come
To rest in their eternal home;
Rising to heav'n they drop their clay
In the cold tomb *where Jesus lay.*

155

8s & 7s.

The pleasure of following Christ.

- 1 LORD, in humble, sweet submission,
Here we meet to follow thee;

- Trusting in thy great salvation,
Which alone can make us free.
- 2 Nought have we to claim as merit,
All the duties we can do,
Can no crown of life inherit;
All the praise to thee is due
- 3 Yet we come in Christian duty,
Down beneath the waves to go;
O the bliss! the heavenly beauty!
Christ the Lord was buried so.
- 4 Come, ye children of the kingdom,
Follow him beneath the wave;
Rise, and show his resurrection,
And proclaim his power to save.
- 5 Is there here a weeping Mary,
Waiting near the Saviour's tomb;
Heavy-laden, sick, and weary,
Crying, "Oh that I could come?"
- 6 Welcome, all ye friends of Jesus,
Welcome in his church below;
Venture wholly on the Saviour,
Come, and with his people go.

156

8s & 7s.

Address and Answer.

- 1 **O** YE blood-wash'd, ransom'd sinners,
Highly favour'd of the Lord,
Prove your faithful love to Jesus,
Hearken to his blessed word.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!

We are on our journey home:

(131)

Hallelujah ! hallelujah !

Jesus smiles and bids us come.

- 2 See his watery tomb before you,
Hear him crying, " Follow me ;"
For beneath the stream of Jordan,
Christ, your great Redeemer, lay.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 3 Yes ; beneath those honour'd waters
Was immers'd the Lord we own ;
As he rises, God pronounces
" This is my beloved Son."
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 4 Jesus come ! — thy approbation
May our waiting spirits feel ;
Cause, O cause the heav'ns to open,
And thy wond'rous love reveal.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- ANSWER.
- 5 Jesus, mighty King in Zion,
Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 6 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We, who know thy great salvation,
Are baptized beneath the wave.
Hallelujah ! &c.
- 7 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue,
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.
Hallelujah ! &c.

157 L. M. Different Authors.

*Single Verses, just before Baptism, or at
any intervening time.*

THE Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
Must not invite, and be denied;
Was not the Lord, who came to save,
Buried in such a liquid grave?

Jesus, my Saviour and my all,
Methinks I hear thy gentle call:
These are the sounds that chide my stay,
"Arise, my love, and come away."

Ye who your native vileness mourn,
And to the great Redeemer turn,
Who see your wretched state by sin,
Ye blessed of the Lord, come in.

All ye that love Immanuel's name,
And long to feel the increasing flame,
'Tis you, ye children of the light,
The Spirit and the Bride invite.

(See Hymn 699—"The Baptism of
Jesus.")

RECEIVING TO MEMBERSHIP.

158 L. M. Kelly.

Receiving Members.

1 " **C**OME in, thou blessed of the Lord,"
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
(133)

We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

- 2 Thy name 'tis hoped, already stands
Mark'd in the book of life above ;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.
- 3 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one Spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 4 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.
- 5 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love ;
O ! may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above !

Welcome and Exhortation.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, ye well-belov'd of God,
Ye heirs of grace redeem'd by blood :
Welcome with us your hands to join,
As partners of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace ;
We're trav'ling to a blissful place ;
Our heav'nly Guide, who knows the way,
Conducts us on from day to day.
- 3 Embrace the cross, and firm endure ;
Your days of toil will soon be o'er ;
Soon shall we sit with Jesus down,
And wear an everlasting crown.

160

7s.

Montgomery.

The New Member's Declaration.

- 1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns a fugitive unblest ;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O, receive me into rest !
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
Where you dwell shall be my home
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore ;
Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

161

L. M.

New Member's Desire.

- 1 **R**ENEW'D by grace, we love the word,
And yield our souls to Christ the Lord ;
Then to the Church ourselves we give,
In holy fellowship to live.
- 2 Lord, may we feel that we are thine,
And sweetly on thy breast recline ;
Thy name revere, thy word obey,
And never cease to watch and pray.
- 3 May we continue in thy ways,
Delight to pray — delight to praise ;
Among thy saints abide in love,
Till call'd to shine in realms above.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

162 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Lord's Supper instituted.

- 1 **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body broke for sin ;
" Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 " Do this," he cried, " till time shall end,
" In memory of your dying Friend :
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 Jesus ! thy feast we celebrate,
We show thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

163 C. M. Hart.

A Preparation Hymn.

- 1 **T**HAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,

Did, almost with his latest breath,
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee :
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
"The Saviour died for me."

3 Thy suff'rings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings ;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O, tune our tongues, and put in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, "Hosanna to the Lamb,
"The Lamb that died for me."

164 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Before or after Supper.

1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh,
He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favour ! matchless grace
Of our descending God !

3 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its several limbs
But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our powers be join'd
His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And every voice be praise.

165

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling
in the Guests.*

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,
" Lord, why was I a guest ?

4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
" And enter while there 's room,
" When thousands make a wretched choice,
" And rather starve than come ?"

5 'T was the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

- 6 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad
And bring the strangers home.

166 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Benefit of Christ's Death.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.
- 4 Infinite was our guilt,
But he our priest atones;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.
- 5 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.
- 6 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

167 L. M. Beddome.

Holy Admiration and Joy.

- 1 **J**ESUS, when faith with fixed eyes
Beholds thy wond'rous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.
- 2 With cold affections, who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
Thy flowing tears, and purple sweat,
Thy bleeding hands, and head, and feet.
- 3 Look, saints, into his opening side,
The wound how large, how deep, how wide?
Thence issues forth a double flood
Of cleansing water, pard'ning blood.
- 4 Hence, O my soul, a balsam flows,
To heal thy wounds, and ease thy woes;
Immortal joys come streaming down,
Joys, like his griefs, immense, unknown.
- 5 Thus I could ever, ever sing
The suff'rings of my heavenly King;
With growing pleasure spread abroad
The mysteries of my dying Lord.

168 C. M. Montgomery.

"This do in remembrance of Me.

- 1 **A**CCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heav'n shall be;

The testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember thee:—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me:
Yes, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

169

L. M.

Newton.

Christ crucified.

1 **W**HEN on the cross my Lord I see,
Bleeding to death for wretched me;
Satan and sin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart,
In every groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with streaming eyes;
But see! he bows his head and dies!

3 Come sinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains ;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains ;
Only the fountain head above,
Can satisfy the thirst of love.
- 5 Oh, that I thus could always feel
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

170

S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Death and Triumph of Christ.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring :
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,
And Christ, the Man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 Alas ! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side ;
And the rich blood of purple gore
Their murderous weapons dy'd.
- 4 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head ;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 5 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heavens adore.

- 6 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

171 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Price of our Redemption.

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor lets his saints forget.
- 4 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he died,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love!
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Effect of the Cross.

172 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross,
 On which the prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it Lord, that I should boast
 Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head — his hands — his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing — so divine,
 Demands my soul — my life — my all.

173 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ's Victory celebrated.

- 1 **T**HE Lord ! how glorious is his face !
 How kind his smiles appear !
 And, O ! what melting words he says
 To every humble ear !
- 2 " For you, the children of my love,
 " It was for you I died ;
 " Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 " And look into my side.
- 3 " These are the wounds for you I bore,
 " The tokens of my pains,

- "When I came down to free your souls
"From misery and chains.
- 4 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword,
"And plung'd it in my heart;
"Infinite pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting smart.
- 5 "When hell, and all its spiteful powers
"Stood dreadful in my way,
"To rescue those dear lives of yours,
"I gave my own away.
- 6 "But while I bled, and groan'd and died,
"I ruin'd Satan's throne;
"High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
"The monster tumbling down.
- 7 "Now you must triumph at my feast,
"And taste my flesh and blood;
And live eternal ages blest,
"For 'tis immortal food."
- 8 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away,
To be for ever thine.

174 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Collected from several Hymns.

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place,
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board;
And back to Calvary she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

- 3 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew !
And the large loads of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too.
- 4 " Here," (says the kind, redeeming Lord
And shows his wounded side,)
" See here the spring of all your joys,
" That open'd when I died."
- 5 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain ;
" All this," says he, " I bore for thee"—
And then he smiles again.
- 6 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints, that taste his wine ;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

Christ dying, rising, and reigning.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of sinners dies !
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around ;
A solemn darkness veils the skies !
A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies !

Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster, Death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous KING,
"Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
"And where thy victory, boasting grave?"

176

7s.

Newton.

Gratitude for Pardon.

- 1 **L**ET me dwell on Golgotha;
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!
- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah, my soul! he bore the load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark! his dying words, "Forgive!
"Father, let the sinner live:
"Sinner, wipe thy tears away;
"I thy ransom freely pay."
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world! thy gold is dross,
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

- 6 He has dearly bought my soul ;
Lord, accept and claim the whole ;
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

177

P. M. Wesley ; altered.

Dying Love of Christ.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose dying love
We now recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find ;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release,
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray ;
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release ;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace !
- 4 Never let us hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve ;
Write forgiveness on each heart,
And all thine image give ;

Part I. CHRISTIAN CHURCH. 178, 179

Still our souls shall cry to thee,
And long for perfect holiness;
O, remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace!

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

178 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Christ, the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name!
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe, and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thine own work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

179 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

A Church established.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

- 2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God! accept our vows;
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.
- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

God, the glory and Defence of Zion.

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace:
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;

His arms embrace this happy ground
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

181

S. M.

Stennett.

Pleasures of Social Worship.

- 1 **H**OW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer-God,
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fair palaces,
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble soul presents ;
He listens to their broken sighs,
And grants them all their wants.
- 5 To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts ;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.
- 6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

182 C. M.

The Communion of Saints.

- 1 **T**HE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 O Saviour! be our constant guide!
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

183 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

God's Faithfulness to his Church.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd hour,
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.
- 2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;

- Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord shall raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
With pity, in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said, "That praying breath
'Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

184 S. M. Doddridge.

The Faithful Servant.

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

- 4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With his own bounteous hand,
And raise that favourite servant's head,
Amidst the angelic band.

185

C. M.

Watts.

The Church below and above.

- 1 I LOVE to see the Lord below;
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.
- 2 I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin annoy me there;
But saints, exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.
- 3 I love to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still his visits seem too short,
Or I too soon remove.
- 4 He shines — and I am all delight;
He hides — and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again;
- 5 O Lord, I love thy service now;
Thy church displays thy power;
But soon in heaven I hope to view
And praise thee evermore.

186 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Seeking the Pastures of Christ.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
Which from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

187 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Destruction of Antichrist.

- 1 **I** LIFT my banner,' saith the Lord,
'Where antichrist has stood;
'The city of my gospel foes
'Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 'My heart has studied just revenge,
'And now the day appears,
'The day of my redeem'd is come,
'To wipe away their tears.
- 3 'Quite weary is my patience grown,
'And bids my fury go;
'Swift as the lightning it shall move,
'And be as fatal too.
- 4 'I call for helpers, but in vain;
'Then has my gospel none?

‘ Well, mine own arm has might enough
‘ To crush my foes alone.

5 ‘ Slaughter and my devouring sword
‘ Shall walk the streets around,
‘ Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
‘ And stagger to the ground.’

6 Thine honours, O victorious King!
Thine own right hand shall raise,
While we thine awful vengeance sing,
And our Deliverer praise.

The Church in the Latter Day.

1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass’d away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn’d with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
“ Mortals, behold the sacred seat
“ Of your descending King.

4 “ The God of glory down to men
“ Removes his blest abode;
“ Men, the dear objects of his grace,
“ And he, the loving God.

5 “ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
“ From every weeping eye;
“ And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
fears,
“ And death itself shall die.”

Part I. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP. 189, 190

- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

189 L. M.

The Church's Victory. Isa. 52.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust and darkness and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall daring foes invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and *thy* sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy pray'r,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.
-

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

190 L. M. Newton.

Meeting of Christian Friends.

- 1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive!
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

- 2 To you and us by grace 't is giv'n,
 To know the Saviour's precious name ;
 And shortly we shall meet in heav'n,
 Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 May he by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above ;
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.
- 4 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffer'd for us, here below ;
 The path he mark'd for us to tread,
 And what he 's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus as the moments pass away,
 We 'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day,
 When we shall meet to part no more.

The same subject.

- 1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh
 To great Jehovah's name ;
 Sweet be the accents of our tongues
 When we his love proclaim.
- 2 Blest be the hand that has preserv'd
 Our feet from every snare ;
 And blest the goodness of the Lord,
 Which to this hour we share.
- 3 O may the Spirit's quickening power
 Now sanctify our joy,
 And warm our zeal, in works of love
 Our talents to employ.
- 4 Fast, fast our minutes fly away ;
 Soon shall our wanderings cease ;

And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace !

192 C. M. Wesley ; alt'd.

Praying for each other.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd,
We humbly come to seek thy face —
O, may our prayer be heard !
- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear the easy yoke ;
A band of love, a three-fold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever to each other move,
And ever move to thee.
- 4 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 5 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 6 Then when on earth our work is done,
Receive thy ready bride ;
Give us in heaven a happy lot,
With all the sanctified.

193 S. M.

Love to the Saints.

- 1 **I** LOVE the sons of grace,
The heirs of bliss divine,
Who walk in paths of righteousness
And fly from every sin.
- 2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedlessly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!
- 3 They Jesus' image bear—
How lovely is the sight!
They shall at length with him appear
In everlasting light.
- 4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Christ the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.
- 5 Their footsteps I'll pursue,
With vigour, till I die;
Rejoicing in the pleasing view
Of meeting them on high.
- 6 It is a sweet employ
To join in worship here;
But how divine will be the joy,
To see each other there!

194 S. M. Watts' Psalms.

Union in Social Life.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,

Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

195

S. M.

Grateful Review.

1 **A**ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace !

2 Preserv'd by power divine
To find salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without and fears within
Since we assembled last.

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

L

(161)

5 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming pow'r,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we shall sin no more :

6 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things lost,
That we may Jesus gain.

196

7s.

Wesley.

Love and Union of Saints.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace :
Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove
Each to each unite, endear ;
Come, and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear :
To thy church the pattern give ;
Show how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above ;
On the wings of angels fly ;
Show how true believers die.

Part I. CHURCH FELLOWSHIP. 197, 198

197

S. M.

Fawcett.

Love to the Brethren.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in mutual love !
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain ;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

198

8s.

The Union of Saints.

- 1 **F**ROM whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love ?
(163)

- It fastens our souls in such ties,
As distance and time can't remove.
- 2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.
- 3 My brethren are dear unto me,
Our hearts all united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.
- 4 Why then so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 O then we shall see that bright day,
And join with the angels above;
Set free from these prisons of clay,
United in Jesus's love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see
Singing, hallelujah! amen!
Amen! even so let it be.

Mutual Encouragement.

- 1 COME on, my fellow pilgrims, come,
And let us all be hastening home;
We soon shall land on yon blest shore,
Where pains and sorrows are no more;
There we our Jesus shall adore,
For ever blest!
- 2 What though our way to Zion be
Beset with pain and poverty;

What though temptations us assail,
Though foes increase, and friends all fail;
The Lord's our friend — we'll cry, all hail!
For ever blest!

3 O! what a joyful meeting, when,
With all the saints and righteous men,
And with the numerous angels too,
We sing the song for ever new,
And still have Jesus in our view,
For ever blest!

4 No period then our joys shall know,
Secure from every mortal foe;
No sickness there, no want, or pain,
Shall e'er disturb our rest again,
When with Immanuel we reign,
For ever blest!

200

P. M.

Wesley.

Christians encouraging each other.

1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 See where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with his radiant bands
And join th' angelic pow'rs;

For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

- 4 Who suffer for our master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down ;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 5 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope !
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead ;
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

REJOICING AND PRAISE.

201

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O, the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay,
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

ADDED.

- 4 Salvation ! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !

202 C. M. Watts' Psalms ; altered.

Joyful Praise.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace.
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.
- 4 Awake, awake my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

203 C. M. Watts' Lyrics ; altered.*The Rapture of Divine Love.*

- 1 **O** 'TIS delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name ;
My Spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.
- 2 My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sov'reign of the rest.
- 3 This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and hope shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.
- 4 Let life immortal seize my clay ;
Let love refine my blood ;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.
- 5 Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home ;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace ;
I come, O Lord, I come.
- 6 Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let sin and death remove ;
'Tis love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And death must yield to love.

204 L. M. Watts' Hymns ; altered.*The Church's Espousals.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring !
(168)

- Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour when from above,
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

205

C. M.

Doddridge.

The Ransomed of the Lord. Isa. xxx. 10.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye ransom'd of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Ye pilgrims now for Zion bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 His hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your gracious God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And fix your eye, with joyful hope,
On Zion's heavenly hill.

206

S. M.

Rejoicing in Christ's Reign.

- 1 **R**EJOICE! the Lord is King!
Your Lord and King adore;
Ye ransom'd saints, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore!
- 2 The mighty Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he himself had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The sovereign keys of death and hell
Into his hands are given.
- 4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And humbly bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge shall come.
And take his waiting servants up
To their eternal home.

207

7s.

Newton.

Redeeming Love.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,

As to Canaan on ye move,
Bless and praise redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

He subdued th' infernal powers,
Those tremendous foes of ours;
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals, join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

08

8s & 7s.

The Jubilee.

HARK! the jubilee is sounding;
HO! the joyful news is come!
Love, and joy, and peace abounding,
Flow to man through God's dear Son:
(171)

Now we have an invitation
 To the meek and lowly Lamb:—
 Glory, honour, and salvation!
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Now let each one cease from sinning—
 Seek the Lord without delay;
 Christ the Saviour is beginning
 Sin and guilt to wash away:
 Golden moments we've neglected;
 Oh! the time we've spent in vain!—
 But the Saviour, long expected,
 Now appears on earth to reign.
- 3 Happy children, praise your Jesus
 Love and praise him evermore:
 Free salvation should constrain us
 To rejoice and to adore:
 Sound his praises round the nation;—
 He is our exalted King:
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Let the saints for ever sing.

209

P. M. —Altered.

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin;
 Moved by thy divine compassion,
 Who hast died my heart to win!
 I will praise thee—
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 While the angel-choirs are crying,
 Glory to the great I AM!
 I with them would still be vying
 Glory, glory to the Lamb!
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

- 3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the gracious spring arose ;
Angel-minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause ;
Yet the blessing,
Down in healing streams it flows.
- 4 Though unseen I love the Saviour ;
He hath brought salvation near ;
Manifests his pardoning favour ;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall his glorious image bear.
- 5 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceiv'd, mix with the throng,
Wondering at the grace that crowns us,
Glad to join our holy song ;
Hallelujah !
Love and praise to Christ belong.

210

S. M. Double. Watts.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God :
But favourites of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

(173)

The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the roaring seas ;

- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above :
There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endless pleasures in.

- 4 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.
The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets :
Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Foretaste of Heaven.

- 1 **O**N earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet, more loud,
To him that drowns our sins
In his atoning blood ;—

"To him," they cry, in rapturous strain,
"Be honour, praise, and pow'r — Amen!"

- 2 Ye saints on earth, repeat
What heav'n with rapture owns;
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Go imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.
- 3 Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing,
Till others learn the song,
And own your Lord their King;
Till converts join you, as ye go,
And make a growing heaven below.
- 4 Inform the listening world,
How Jesus, when he fell,
The powers of darkness hurl'd
Down to the depths of hell;
And rising, bore the rescu'd prize,
His church, in triumph through the skies.
- 5 Alone he took the field,
Alone the battle fought;
With his own sword and shield
The mighty work he wrought;
The mighty work was all his own,
And let him ever wear the crown.
- 6 Our feeble minds are lost
Beneath the lofty strain;
But Jordan's billows cross'd,
We'll catch the sound again;
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

212

P. M.

Wesley.

Rejoicing in Christ.

- 1 **H** E A D of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee;
Till thou appear, thy members here
Shall sing like those in glory:
We lift our hearts and voices,
With blest anticipation,
And cry aloud, and give to God
The praise of our salvation.
- 2 While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire,
Thy love we'll praise, which knows no days,
And ever brings us nigher:
We clap our hands, exulting
In thine Almighty favour;
The love divine that made us thine,
Will keep us thine for ever.
- 3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation;
Nor will we fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation:
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes;
By thee we shall break through them all,
And sing the Song of Moses.
- 4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou wilt restore us:
The cross despise for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us:
And if it be thy pleasure,
We each, with dying Stephen,
Shall see thee stand at God's right hand,
To take us up to heaven.

213

8s & 7s.

A sense of Salvation.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I do feel thy merit,
Sprinkled with redeeming blood;
And my troubled, weary spirit,
Now finds rest in thee, my God.
I am safe, and I am happy,
While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and Satan cannot hurt me,
While my Saviour is so nigh.
- 2 Now I'll sing of Jesus' merit,
Tell the world of his dear name;
That if any want his Spirit,
He is evermore the same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er in him believeth,
Jesus will not cast behind.
- 3 Now our Advocate is pleading
With his Father and our God;
Now for us is interceding,
As the purchase of his blood.
Now methinks I hear him praying,
"Father, spare them! I have died;"
And the Father answer, saying, —
"They are freely justified."

214

L. M.

The good old Way.

- 1 LIFT up your heads, Immanuel's friends,
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.
And I'll sing hallelujah, &c.
- M (177)

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory,
If we but watch, and strive, and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 3 O, good old way, how sweet thou art!
May none of us from thee depart;
But may our actions always say,
We're marching on the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 4 Though Satan may his power employ,
Our peace and comfort to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And triumph in the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view by faith the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, exult, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 6 Ye valiant souls, for Heav'n contend;
Remember, glory's at the end:
Our God will wipe all tears away,
When we have run the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who're gone before,
And him we'll praise, in endless day,
Who brought us on the good old way.
And I'll sing, &c.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

215 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **S**TAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on;
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

216 C. M. Heath.

Watchfulness and Prayer inculcated.

- 1 **M**Y soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down :
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

217 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Victory through Christ.

1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

218 S. M.

The same subject.

1 **J**ESUS the Conqueror reigns,
In glorious strength array'd :
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.

2 Ye sons of men rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love :

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.

- 3 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne :
- 4 Our advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
- 5 That bloody banner see,
And in your Captain's sight,
Fight the good fight of faith with me,
My fellow-soldiers, fight. .
- 6 See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies !
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize !

219 S. M. Wesley ; extracted.

Christian Soldiers encouraged.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his beloved Son.
- 2 Our Captain leads us on ;
He beckons from the skies,
And reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.
- 3 " Be faithful unto death ;
" Partake my victory,
" And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
" And thou shalt reign with me."

- 4 'T is thus the righteous Lord
To every soldier saith :
Eternal life is the reward
Of all victorious faith.
- 5 Who conquer in his might
The victor's crown receive ;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

Salvation in the Cross.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my soul away ;
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish, here to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim,
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honours to his name.

221

7s.

Swain.

Encouraged to the Battle.

- 1 **B**RETHREN, while we sojourn here,
Fight we must, but should not fear ;
Foes we have, but we 've a friend,
One that loves us to the end :
Forward, then, with courage go,
Long we shall not dwell below ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls — come home !
- 2 In the way a thousand snares
Lie, to take us unawares ;
Satan, with malicious art,
Watches each unguarded part :
But, from Satan's malice free,
Saints shall soon victorious be ;
Soon the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls — come home !"
- 3 But, of all the foes we meet,
None so oft mislead our feet ;
None betray us into sin,
Like the foes that dwell within :
Yet let nothing spoil your peace,
Christ will also conquer these ;
Then the joyful news will come,
" Child, your Father calls — come home !"

222

3 lines 7, & one 5.

A. B.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of the cross, arise !
Lo ! your Captain from the skies
Holding forth the glittering prize,
Calls to victory :

Fear not, though the battle lower ;
 Firmly stand the trying hour ;
 Stand the tempter's utmost power,
 Spurn his slavery.

- 2 Who the cause of Christ would yield ?
 Who would leave the battle-field ?
 Who would cast away his shield ?—

Let him basely go :
 Who for Zion's King will stand ?
 Who will join the faithful band ?
 Let him come with heart and hand,
 Let him face the foe.

- 3 By the mercies of our God ?
 By Immanuel's streaming blood,
 When alone for us he stood,
 Ne'er give up the strife :
 Ever, to the latest breath,
 Hark to what your Captain saith :—
 " Be thou faithful unto death ;
 " Take the crown of life."

- 4 By the woes which rebels prove,
 By the bliss of holy love,
 Sinners, seek the joys above ;
 Sinners, turn and live ;
 Here is *freedom* worth the name ;
 Tyrant sin is put to shame ;
 Grace inspires the hallow'd flame ;
 God the crown will give.

Holy Fortitude.

- 1 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb ?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,—
 Or blush to speak his name ?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

224

7s & 9s.

*The Martial Trumpet in a time of
ingathering.*

- 1 **B**RETHREN, don't you hear the sound?
The martial trumpet now is blowing!
Men in order listing round,
And soldiers to the standard flowing.
Bounty's offer'd—joy and peace;
To every soldier this is given;
When from toils of war they cease,
A mansion bright, prepar'd in heaven.

(185)

- 2 They who long in sin have lain,
And felt the hand of dire oppression,
Are all releas'd from Satan's chain,
And are endow'd with long possession
The sick and sore, the blind and lame,
The maladies of all are heal'd!
Outlaw'd rebels too may claim,
And find a pardon freely seal'd.
- 3 The battle is not to the strong,
The burden 's on our Captain's shoulder;
None so aged or so young,
But may enlist and be a soldier:
Those who cannot fight nor fly,
Beneath his banner find protection;
None who on his arm rely
Shall be reduced to base subjection.
- 4 You need not fear; — the cause is good;
Come! who will to the crown aspire?
In this cause the martyrs bled,
Or shouted victory in the fire:
In this cause let 's follow on,
And soon we 'll tell the pleasing story,
How by faith we gain'd the crown,
And fought our way to life and glory.
- 5 the battle, brethren, is begun,
Behold the armies now in motion!
Some, by faith, behold the crown,
And almost grasp their future portion.
Hark! the victory 's sounding loud!
Immanuel's chariot-wheels are rumbling;
Mourners round the standard crowd,
And Satan's kingdom down is tumbling.
- 6 Hark, ye rebels, come enlist;
The officers are now recruiting;
Why will you in sin persist?
Or spend your time in vain disputing?

All your carnal shows are vain,
For if you do not sue for favour,
Down you'll sink to endless pain
To bear the wrath of God for ever.

THE REDEEMER CELEBRATED.

225

C. M.

Doddridge.

The Errand of Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound! the Saviour
comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 He comes the prisoner to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes — from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night —
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes — the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

226

C. M.

Medley.

The Incarnation of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORTALS, awake ! with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay ;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.
- 2 In heav'n the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd ;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
- 4 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 5 O for a glance of heavenly love
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays !
- 6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high ;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."
- 7 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail !
Redeemer, brother, friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

227

P. M.

Birth of Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK! what celestial notes,
What melody we hear!
Soft through the night it floats,
And charms the listening ear;
The tuneful shell,
The golden lyre,
And vocal choir
The concert swell.
- 2 The angelic hosts descend,
With harmony divine;
See, how from heaven they bend,
And in full chorus join:
"Fear not," say they,
"Great joy we bring;
"Jesus, your King
"Is born to-day.
- 3 "He comes, from error's night
"Your wandering feet to save
"To realms of bliss and light,
"He lifts you from the grave.
"This glorious morn —
"(Let all attend)
"Your matchless Friend,
"Your Saviour's born.
- 4 "Glory to God on high!
"Ye mortals, spread the sound,
"And let your raptures fly
"To earth's remotest bound:
"For peace on earth,
"From God in heav'n,
"To man is giv'n,
"At Jesus' birth."

228

L. M.

Nativity of the Saviour.

- 1 **W**AKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!
- 2 Hark! what sweet music — what a song —
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song—whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptur'd, listening heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God, who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

229

11s & 10s. Bp. Heber.

The Star in the East.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
ing,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumbers reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
Odours of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gold would his favour secure;

Part I. THE REDEEMER, &c. 230, 231

Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

[*Note.*—The above hymn may be sung with the first (or last) verse as a chorus, throughout; in which case it commences with the following verse:

Hail the blest morn! see the great Mediator,
Down from the regions of glory descend!
Shepherds, go worship the babe in the manger,
Lo, for his guard the bright angels attend.]

230 P. M. Portuguese Hymn.
Infant Saviour.

- 1 **H**ITHER, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph,
To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour,
O come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 2 O Jesus, for such wond'rous condescension
Our praise and reverence are an off'ring meet;
Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells among
us,
O come, and let us worship at his feet.
- 3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels,
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
O come, and let us worship at his feet.

231 S. M.

Titles and Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **R**EJOICE in Jesus' birth!
To us a Son is given,

To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven !

2 He reigns above the sky,
This universe sustains —
The God supreme — the Lord most high,
The King Messiah reigns !

3 Th' almighty God — is he,
Author of heavenly bliss !
The Father of Eternity,
The glorious Prince of Peace !

4 His government shall grow —
From strength to strength proceed ;
His righteousness the church o'erflow,
And all the earth o'erspread.

232

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Deity and Humanity of Christ.

1 **B**EFORE the heavens were spread abroad,
From everlasting was the Word :
With God he was — the Word was God
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things made :
By him supported, all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years ?

4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms :
The Word descends and dwells in clay,

- That he may converse hold with worms,
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son :
How full of truth — how full of grace,
When in his eyes the Godhead shone !
- 6 Bright angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

233 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Angels attending Christ and Saints.

- 1 **S**OON as the Son of God had made
His entrance on this earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.
- 2 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heavenly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.
- 3 Now to the hands of Christ our King
Are all their legions given ;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 4 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
To see a sinner turn ;
Then Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.
- 5 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Rebellious sinners to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

- 6 O! could I say, without a doubt,
 "There shall my soul be found,"
 Then let the great archangel shout,
 And the last trumpet sound.

234 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y great Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word;
 But in thy life the law appears,
 Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
 Such deference to thy Father's will,
 Such love, and meekness so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air
 Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
 The desert thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here;
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

235 L. M. Collyer

Transfiguration. Luke ix. 28—31.

- 1 **O**N Tabor's top the Saviour stands,
 His alter'd face resplendent shines;
 And, while he elevates his hands,
 Lo! glory marks its gentle lines!
- 2 Two heavenly forms descend to wait
 Upon their suffering Prince below;

But while they worship at his feet,
They talk of fast approaching woe.

- 3 Amid the lustre of the scene,
To Calvary he turns his eyes ;
And, with submission, all serene,
He marks the future tempest rise.
- 4 Then let us climb the mount of prayer,
Where all his beaming glories shine ;
And, gazing on his brightness there,
Our woes forgot in joys divine.

236 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

*Nature sympathizing with the suffering
Saviour.*

- 1 YE that pass by, behold the Man !
The man of grief condemn'd for you ;
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See there, his temples crown'd with thorns !
His bleeding hands extended wide !
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn !
The fountain gushing from his side.
- 3 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God,
How doth thy heart to sinners move !
Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
And melt us with thy dying love.
- 4 Give us to feel thy agonies,
One drop of thy sad cup afford ;
We fain with thee would sympathize,
And share the sufferings of our Lord.
- 5 The earth could to her centre quake,
Convuls'd when the Redeemer died ;
O, may our inmost nature shake,
And bow with Jesus crucified !

- 6 At thy last gasp, the graves display'd
 Their horrors to the upper skies :
 O, that our souls might burst the shade,
 And, quicken'd by thy death, arise !

237 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Christ's Passion and Sinner's Salvation.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
 Behold the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Have made the curse a blessing prove ;
 Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live :
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

238 L. M. Mrs. Steele.

A Dying Saviour.

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies:
 Hark ! his expiring groans arise !
 See, from his hands, his feet, his side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson tide !

- 2 And didst thou bleed ? — for sinners bleed
And could the sun behold the deed ?
No ! he withdrew his sick'ning ray,
And darkness veil'd the mourning day.
- 3 Can I survey this scene of woe,
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,
Insensible to love or pain ?
- 4 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,
To warm this cold, this stupid heart,
Till all its powers and passions move
In melting grief and ardent love.

239

C. M.

Crucifixion of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree !
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom 's paid.
"Receive my soul !" he cries :
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

240 7s. Collyer.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb!
 Jesus dissipates its gloom!
 Day of triumph! through the skies,
 See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christians, dry your flowing tears;
 Chase those unbelieving fears;
 Look on his deserted grave;
 Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye who are of death afraid,
 Triumph in the scatter'd shade;
 Drive your anxious fears away;
 See the place where Jesus lay!
- 4 So the rising sun appears,
 Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
 So returning beams of light
 Chase the terrors of the night.

241 7s. Gibbons.

The Resurrection and Ascension.

- 1 **A**NGELS! roll the rock away!
 Death yield up the mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.
 Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels raise,
 Fame's eternal trump of praise!
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

Hal.

- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes !
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph, up the sky —
 Up to waiting worlds on high. Hal.
- 4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs !
 Praise and sweep your golden lyres !
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song,
 Let the strains be sweet and strong ! Hal.

242 C. M. Watts' Lyrics ; altered.
Christ's Farewell to his Church.

- 1 O 'T WAS a mournful parting day !
 " Farewell, my spouse," he said :
 (How tedious, Lord, is thy delay !
 How long my friend hath staid !)
- 2 *Farewell !* — at once he left the ground,
 And climb'd his Father's sky :
 Lord, we would tempt thy chariot down,
 Or leap to thee on high.
- 3 Around the world forlorn I rove,
 I search the globe in vain ;
 There's nothing here that's worth my love,
 Till thou return again.
- 4 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 My soul dissolves away ;
 Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
 And bring the promis'd day.

243 8s.
*Christ's Resurrection the Saints'
 Triumph.*

- 1 THE angels that watch'd round the tomb
 Where low the Redeemer was laid ;
 (199)

When deep in mortality's gloom
 He hid for a season his head ;
 That veil'd their fair face while he slept
 And ceas'd their sweet harps to employ,
 Have witness'd his rising, and swept
 The chords with the triumph of joy.

2 Ye saints, who once languish'd below,
 But long since have enter'd your rest,
 I pant to be glorified too,
 To lean on Emanuel's breast !
 The grave in which Jesus was laid
 Has bury'd my guilt and my fears ;
 And while I contemplate its shade,
 The light of his presence appears.

3 O sweet is the season of rest,
 When life's weary journey is done !
 The blush that spreads over its West,
 The last lingering ray of its sun !
 Though dreary the empire of night,
 I soon shall emerge from its gloom,
 And see immortality's light
 Arise on the shades of the tomb.

4 Then welcome the last rending sighs,
 When these aching heart-strings shall
 break ;
 When death shall extinguish these eyes,
 And moisten with dew the pale cheek.
 No terror the prospect begets,
 I am not mortality's slave,
 The sunbeam of life as it sets
 Paints a rainbow of peace on the grave.

244

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquer'd when he fell !

(200)

- " 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finish'd," our Immanuel cries;
" *The dreadful work is done:*"
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise:
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When, through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord:
To heaven and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

245

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive;
Behold the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God;

(201)

Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart,
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **H**AIL, the day that saw him rise,
Flying from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
Re-ascends his native heaven ;
There the pompous triumph waits ;
" Lift your heads, eternal gates !
" Wide unfold the radiant scene,
" Take the King of glory in !"
- 2 Him tho' highest heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Tho' returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own :
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads ;
Next himself prepares a place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 3 Master, (may we ever say,)
Taken from the world away,
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to thee :
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height —
Grant our souls may thither rise —
Following thee beyond the skies.

- 4 Ever upward let us move ;
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come —
Looking for a happier home :
There we shall with thee remain
Partners of thy endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see —
Find a heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

247 P. M. Montgomery.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
Ye who feel the Tempter's power :
Your Redeemer's conflict see ;
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn from him to watch and pray.
- 2 See him at the judgment hall,
Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd :
See him meekly bearing all !
Love to man his soul sustain'd !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain view :
There the Lord of Glory see,
Made a sacrifice for you,
Dying on the accursed tree :
" It is finish'd," hear him cry ;
Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
- 4 Early to the tomb repair,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
Angels kept their vigils there :
Who hath taken him away ?
" Christ is risen !" he seeks the skies ;
Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

248

C. M.

Duncan.

Coronation of Christ.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Praise him, who saves you by his blood,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small!
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every tribe, and every tongue
 Attend the Saviour's call,
 Now shout the universal song,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 O that with yonder favour'd throng,
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the *everlasting* song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

249

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,

(204)

Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood ?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

250

C. M.

Gibbons.

Salvation thro' Christ's Death.

1 JESUS th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human clay.

2 Into our sinful world he comes,
The messenger of grace,
And on the bloody tree expires,
A victim in our place.

3 Transgressors of the deepest stain
In him salvation find :
His blood removes the foulest guilt,
His Spirit heals the mind.

- 4 Our Jesus saves from sin and hell :
His words are true and sure,
And on this rock our faith may rest
Immoveably secure.
- 5 O let these tidings be receiv'd
With universal joy !
And let the high angelic praise
Our tuneful powers employ
- 6 ' Glory to God, who gave his Son
' To bear our shame and pain !
' Hence peace on earth, and grace to men,
' In endless blessings reign.'

*Aaron's Breast-plate, or Christ's Inter-
cession.*

- 1 **N**OW let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High-priest above,
And celebrate his constant care
And sympathizing love.
- 2 Though rais'd to a superior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the shining train,
With matchless honours crown'd ;
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears
Deep graven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to dust.

- 5 So, gracious Saviour ! on my breast
May thy dear name be worn —
A sacred ornament and guard,
To endless ages borne !

252

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ and Aaron.

- 1 **J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt-offerings brought
To purge themselves from sin ;
Thy life was pure, without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.
- 4 But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God
Shows his own sacrifice.
- 5 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face :
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

253 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence our High-Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his Almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

254 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

*High-Priest; or, Christ's Compassion to
the Weak and Tempted.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure
The great Redeemer stood,

While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 He 'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

255 8s & 7s.

The Great High Priest.

- 1 GREAT High Priest, we view thee stoop-
ing,
With our names upon thy breast ;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with sorrow prest.
Weeping angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus ;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us ?
- 2 On the cross thy body broken,
Cancels every penal tie :—
Tempted souls, produce this token,
All demands to satisfy.
All is finish'd ; do not doubt it,
But believe your dying Lord ;
Never reason more about it,
Only take him at his word.

O

(209)

- 3 Lord, we fain would trust thee solely ;
 'Twas for us thy blood was spilt ;
 Gracious Saviour, take us wholly,
 Take and make us what thou wilt.
 Grant us now thy heavenly blessing,
 Let thy love our songs employ ;
 Then we 'll find, thy peace possessing,
 In thy service all our joy.

256 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Atonement the only ground of Pardon.

- 1 **I**N vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own :
 Blest Saviour ! nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
 Impress the soul with dread :
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes the spirit dead.
- 3 But thy atoning sacrifice
 Hath answer'd all demands ;
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Come to us by thy hands.
- 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord !
 'Tis on thy cross we rest :
 For ever be thy love adored,
 Thy name for ever blest.

257 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.

- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice,
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

258

L. M.

Fawcett.

The Lamb of God.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb
With wonder, gratitude, and love;
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.
- 2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid;
He meekly bore the guilty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 3 To save a guilty world he dies;
Sinners behold the bleeding Lamb.
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

- 4 Pardon and peace through him abound :
 He can the richest blessings give ;
 Salvation in his name is found,
 He bids the dying sinner live.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee —
 Where else can helpless sinners go ?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

259 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Redemption by Price and Power.

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 And quench'd the vengeful flaming sword,
 In his own vital flood :
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chain,
 And sent the lion down to howl,
 Where hell and horror reign.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know his name,
 Or saints to feel his grace.

260 L. M. Watts' Sermons.

Christ our only Trust.

- 1 JESUS, our Saviour and our God,
 Array'd in majesty and blood,

Thou art our life ; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.

- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee, our surety, and our head ;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 3 Let Atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal Life and Jesus' name ;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.
- 4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye :
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face and taste thy love.

261

L. M.

More.

Christ a Conqueror.

- 1 **Y**ES, mighty Jesus, thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit ;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become the footstool of thy feet.
- 2 Then rescued souls shall bless thy power,
Thy arm shall full salvation bring ;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour
Shall conquer, with their conquering king.
- 3 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim ;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds, and precious name.

261 Part 2d. C. M.

King of Saints.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known;
The sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.
- 5 Oh, happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praise.

262 C. M.

Prince of Peace.

- 1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace:
Let heathens too proclaim his praise,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."
- 2 Praise him, who laid his glory by,
For man's apostate race;

Praise him, who stoop'd to bleed and die,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

- 3 Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease ;
Immanuel for your Sov'reign own,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."
- 4 We soon shall reach the heav'nly shore,
To view his lovely face ;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown him "Prince of Peace."

263

L. M.

Medley.

Morning-Star. Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **I**N glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains ;
We view his beams, and from afar
Hail him the bright, the Morning-star.
- 2 Blest Star ! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines ;
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning-star.
- 3 Sweet Star ! his influence is divine ;
Life, peace, and joy, attending shine ;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee :
The bright, the Morning-star is he.
- 4 Great Star ! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest cloud dispels ;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning-star.
- 5 Eternal Star ! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies ;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Praise thee, the bright, the Morning-star.

264 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Saviour. John iv. 42.

1 **T**HE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless woe.

3 Oh, the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

265 C. M.

Physician and Benefactor.

1 **J**ESUS, and didst thou condescend,
When vail'd in human clay,
To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
And drive disease away?

2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?—
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear—
Have mercy, too, on me!

3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?—

Part I. THE REDEEMER, &c. 266, 267

Oh pity, Lord, and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more !

- 4 Didst thou thy trembling servant raise,
When sinking in the wave ?—
I perish, Lord ! — oh, save my soul !
For thou alone canst save.

266 L. M. Doddridge.

Shepherd. John x. 10.

- 1 **P**RAISE to our Shepherd's gracious name,
Who on so kind an errand came ;
Came, that by him his flock might live,
And more abundant life receive.
- 2 Hail, great Immanuel from above !
High seated on thy throne of love,
O pour the vital torrent down —
Thy people's joy, their Lord's renown.
- 3 Scarce half alive, we sigh and cry,
Scarce raise to thee our languid eye ;
Kind Saviour, let our dying state
Compassion in thy heart create.
- 4 The shepherd's blood the sheep must heal ;
O may we all its influence feel !
'Till inward, deep experience show,
Christ can begin a heaven below.

267 7s. Toplady.

Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 **O** FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day !
Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.

- 2 Distant from thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire!
Make us feel thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of Righteousness, are thine.

268

8s & 7s.

Toplady.

Light of the World.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come! and, thy dear self revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath;
The new heaven's and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise!
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes!
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart;
Come, and manifest the favour
Thou hast for the ransom'd race:
Come, thou dear exalted Saviour!
Come and bring thy gospel grace.
- 3 Save us in thy great compassion,
O thou mild pacific Prince!

Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins :
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burden'd soul release ;
By the influence of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

269 C. M.

Christ the Way, Truth, and Life.

- 1 **T**HOU art the WAY — to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the TRUTH — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart !
- 3 Thou art the LIFE — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the way — the truth — the life ;
Grant us that *way* to know,
That *truth* to keep — that *life* to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

270 C. M. Fawcett.

Desire of all Nations.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet ;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy :
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

Jesus precious to them that believe.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul !
My transport and my trust :
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there ;

The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

272

C. M.

Newton.

The same subject.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 By him my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then I would thy love proclaim,
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.
- 6 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy heavenly grace
With pleasure and surprise.

273 7s. 6 lines.

That Rock was Christ.

1 **R**OCK of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy side, a healing flood,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When mine eye-lids close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne —
 Rock of ages! cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee!

274 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Jesus the admiration of Angels.

1 **J**ESUS, in thy transporting name,
 What blissful glories rise!
 Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
 The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
 A love so strange as thine!
 No thought of angels ever knew
 Compassion so divine.

- 3 Victorious Love ! can language tell
The wonders of thy pow'r,
Which conquer'd all the host of hell,
In that tremendous hour ?
- 4 Is there a heart that will not bend,
To thy divine control ? —
Descend, O sovereign Love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.
- 5 O may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet and gentle sway ;
Glad captives of constraining grace,
Thy pleasing rule obey.
- 6 Come, dearest Lord, extend thy reign,
Till rebels rise no more ;
Thy praise all nations then shall join,
And heav'n and earth adore.

275

C. M.

Wesley.

Power and Grace of Christ.

1 **J**ESUS, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky !
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,
The Name to sinners given !
It scatters all their guilt and fear ;
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head ;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

- 4 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"
- 5 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name!
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

Names and Characters.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
Or angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my *Saviour* forth.
- 2 But O, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heavenly grace:
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in human flesh,
He like an *Angel* stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;

The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

5 I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

6 Jesus, my great *High-Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

7 My *Advocate* appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

8 My dear Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror* and my *King*,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing:
Thine is the power; behold I sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down;
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown:
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

277 L. M. Doddridge.

Christ the Fountain of life.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
'Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More needs the current to obtain,
Or to enjoy refreshing rain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
"Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To an abundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below."
- 4 May this blest river, near my side,
Through all the desert gently glide;
Then in Immanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love!

278 C. M. Oliver.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;

'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood avail'd for me.

5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven,
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

279 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

*Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worship-
ped by all the Creation.*

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousands are their tongues ;
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him, that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Same subject.

- 1 **H**ARK, the notes of angels singing —
“Glory, glory to the Lamb.”
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong :
Come assist the choir of heaven ;
Join the everlasting song.
- 2 Saints and angels thus united,
Songs imperfect still must raise ;
Though despised on earth, and slighted,
Jesus is above all praise.
See the angelic host have crown'd him,
Jesus fills the throne on high :
Countless myriads, hovering round him,
With his praises rend the sky.
- 3 Peace and joy to ev'ry nation,
Let us sing with those above .
Sweet the theme — a free salvation :
Fruit of everlasting love.
Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name :
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

281 P. M. Stennett.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

- 1 COME ev'ry pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside:
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endur'd, oh, who can tell?
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the conqu'ror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts — our all to thee we give:
The gift, though small, do thou receive.

282 C. M. Stennett.

Excellencies of Christ.

- TO Christ, the Lord, let ev'ry tongue
Its noblest tribute bring:
When he 's the subject of the song,
Who can refuse to sing?

- 2 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 3 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 4 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 5 To heav'n, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give.
Lord, they should all be thine!

283

P. M.

Wesley.

Only Jesus, and him crucified.

- 1 **V**AIN delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature-good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.
- 2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity:

Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me!
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atonning victim died!
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide,
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove:
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The precious blood by faith applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified!

284 L. M. Montgomery.

Social dedication to Christ.

1 JESUS! our best beloved Friend,
 On thy redeeming name we call;
 (231)

Jesus! in love to us descend,
Pardon and sanctify us all.

- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear, and follow thy commands;
O take our hearts — our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto pray'r,
Our Master's voice we will obey,
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of our day.
- 4 Yet, Lord! for us a resting place,
In heaven — at thy right hand prepare,
And, till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

The wonders of Redemption.

- 1 **A**ND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?
- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For man, (O miracle of grace!)
For man the Saviour bled!
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope *that* love extends
Its sacred power to me?
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all — this worthless heart,
And make it only thine.

286 C. M. Doddridge; alt'd.

Love to Christ.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord!
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Not softest strains can charm my ears,
Like thy beloved name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! when I shall soar
Far from these scenes of mortal joy,
I'll learn to love thee more.

- 6 Then shall my soul with pleasure trace
The wonders of thy love :
Then shall I see thy glorious face
In endless joy above.

287

6s & 4s.

Worthy the Lamb.

- 1 **G**LORY to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
" Praise ye his name !"
Angels, his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore ;
Saints, sing for evermore,
" Worthy the Lamb."
- 2 Ye, who surround the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name :
Ye, who have felt his blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound through the earth abroad,
" Worthy the Lamb !"
- 3 Join all the ransom'd race,
Our Lord and God to bless :
Praise ye his name.
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
" Worthy the Lamb !"
- 4 Soon must we change our place,
Yet will we never cease
Praising his name :
Still will we tribute bring ;
Hail him our gracious King ;
And through all ages sing,
" Worthy the Lamb !"

INFLUENCES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

288

C. M.

Dependence on God for the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **F**ATHER, to thee our souls we lift,
On thee our hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.
- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought,
And righteous word, is thine.
- 4 From thee — through Jesus — we receive
The power on thee to call;
In thee, O Lord, we move, and live —
Our God is all in all.

289

C. M.

Necessity of Renewing Grace.

- 1 **C**AN aught beneath a pow'r divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

- 3 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

Promise of the Spirit.

- 1 **I**T is the voice of love divine,
That strikes the list'ning ear,
That soothes his mourning followers' grief,
And wipes the falling tear:
- 2 "Because I leave this world" — he cries,
"Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
"But tho' I seek my native skies,
"My heart remains below.
- 3 "My Spirit shall descend and rest
"Upon each faithful head,
"Till I, your Lord, return to call
"My servants from the dead."
- 4 He said — and lifting up his hands,
Pronounced his parting prayer;
When lo, a bright descending cloud
Convey'd him thro' the air.
- 5 With solemn awe his followers view'd
The splendour of the scene,
While the unfolding gates of light
Received the Saviour in.

- 6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
Thro' distant lands his word;
And we, like them, with faith and joy
Expect our risen Lord.

291 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Witnessing and sealing Spirit.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

292 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Holy Spirit invoked.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove.
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;

Our souls — how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Effects of His influence.

1 **T**HE Holy Spirit sure is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart!
Else would my hope for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

2 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

3 When e'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

4 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,

And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?

Note.—The doctrine of Divine Influence is involved in many of the other hymns, under different heads. See 110, 353, 354, 357.

GOSPEL BLESSINGS.

294

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven ;
And God the Judge of all declare
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.

- 6 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest ;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is
 Must be for ever blest.

295 L. M. Watts' Lyrics.

The Law and Gospel.

- 1 **W**HILE Sinai roars, and round the earth,
 Thunder, and fire, and vengeance
 flings —
 Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath,
 And Calvary, speak gentler things.
- 2 Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
 Streaming along a Saviour's blood ;
 And life, and joys, and crowns above,
 Purchas'd by our redeeming God.
- 3 Hark ! how he prays, (the charming sound
 Dwells on his dying lips)—*Forgive:*
 And ev'ry groan, and gaping wound,
 Cries, " Father, let the rebels live !"
- 4 Go, you that rest upon the law,
 And toil and seek salvation there ;
 Look to the flames that Moses saw,
 And shrink, and tremble, and despair.
- 5 But I'll retire beneath the cross
 Saviour, at thy dear feet I'll lie ;
 And the keen sword that justice draws,
 Flaming, and red, shall pass me by.

296 C. M. Rippon's Selec.

The Gospel a Feast.

- 1 **O**N Sion, his most holy mount,
 God will a feast prepare,

And Israel's sons and Gentile lands
Shall in the banquet share.

2 Marrow and fatness are the food
His bounteous hand bestows ;
Wine on the lees, and well refin'd
In rich abundance flows.

3 See to the vilest of the vile
A free acceptance given !
See rebels, by adopting grace,
Sit with the heirs of heaven !

4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
To ease and health restor'd,
With eager appetites partake
The plenties of the board.

5 But O what draughts of bliss unknown,
What dainties shall be given,
When, with the myriads round the throne,
We join the feast of heaven !

297 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

God glorified in the Gospel.

1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here in thy gospel's wond'rous frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace ;

Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God ;
And thy avenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

Hope from the Gospel only.

- 1 **G**OD'S holy law, transgress'd,
Speaks nothing but despair ;
Burden'd with guilt — with grief oppress'd,
We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works, which we have done ;
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood :
'T is this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless victim dies : —
This is salvation's only source —
Hence all our hopes arise.

299 C. M. Double. Cowper.

The Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 2 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 3 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.
Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 4 'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine:
In heav'nly strains, from every chord,
Shall flow the charming sound,
The praise of my redeeming Lord,
While angels wonder round.

300 C. M. Doddridge.

Blessedness of Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! — Oh, melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 Rescu'd from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Rais'd to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!
- 3 But may a poor bewilder'd soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine!
- 4 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.
- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

301 L. M. Watts.

The Glorious Gospel of Salvation.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue:

When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love!

Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.

4 He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans;
The Prince of life resigns his breath —
The King of glory bows to death.

5 But see the wonders of his power!
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

6 Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Then he arose, and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.

302

S. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found!

(245)

- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

303

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ our Wisdom, Righteousness, &c.
1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light !
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears,
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

304 L. M. Watts' Sermons.

The Gospel the Power of God to Salvation.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our natures fit for heaven?
Can souls all o'er defil'd with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh!
'Tis there such power and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

305 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Invitations and Promises.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
To gather empty wind;

The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
With more substantial meat;
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.

3 Come, and he 'll cleanse our spotted souls,
And wash away our stains,
In the dear fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying veins.

4 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
Which terrors cannot move,
Which fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love.

5 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

6 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

God dwells with the humble and penitent.
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 **T**HUS saith the High and Lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne,
'My name is God, I dwell on high,
'Dwell in my own eternity.

- 2 'But I descend to worlds below,
'On earth I have a mansion too,
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live,
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.'
- 4 O may thy pardoning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chastening love.

307 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Faith of things unseen.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands ;
And faith assures us though we die,
That heavenly building stands.

308 C. M. Turner ; alt'd.

Power of Faith.

1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares ;
 It yields support in all our toils,
 And softens all our cares.

2 The wounded conscience knows its power,
 The healing balm to give ;
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.

3 Wide it unvails the heavenly world,
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;
 It bids us seek our portion there,
 Nor bids us seek in vain.

4 Faith shows the promises, all seal'd
 With our Redeemer's blood ;
 It helps our feeble hopes to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

5 There, still unshaken, would we rest,
 Till this frail body dies ;
 And then, on faith's triumphant wing,
 To endless glory rise.

309 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,
 We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies,
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;

Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

310 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

A living and dead Faith.

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

311 L. M. Gibbons.

Divine Forgiveness. Luke vii. 47.

- 1 **F**ORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!
- 2 'T is the rich gift of love divine;
'T is full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.
- 3 O'er sins unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sov'reign grace expand —
The seas of sov'reign grace arise.
- 4 For this stupendous love of heaven
What grateful honours shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love in equal ardours glow:

312 S. M. Doddridge.

Salvation wholly of Grace.

- 1 **G**RACE! 't is a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps *that* grace display
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies, each hour, I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

313

L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Pardoning Grace. Ps. cxxx.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate;—
When will my God his face display?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

314 L. M. Wesley.

Imputed Righteousness.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies ;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
" Jesus hath liv'd and died for me."
- 3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim !
Sinners — of whom the chief I am.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue :
The robe of Christ is ever new.
- 5 O let the dead now hear thy voice !
Bid, Lord, thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our righteousness.

315 C. M. Watts' ; altered.

Sanctifying Grace.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
Our sin — how deep it stains !
And Satan holds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But hark ! a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word —

- 'Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh help my unbelief.
- 4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

316

S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Adoption.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

317, 318 GOSPEL BLESSINGS. Part I.

- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

317 C. M. Rippon's Selec.
Complete Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION, through our dying Lord,
Shall surely be complete;
He paid whate'er his people ow'd,
And cancell'd all their debt.
- 2 He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.
- 3 He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shows our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.
- 4 Salvation now shall be my stay;
"A sinner sav'd," I'll cry;
Then gladly quit this mortal clay,
For better joys on high.

318 C. M. Watts' Hymns.
Love.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;

- Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

319

7s.

Conformity to Christ.

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be !
- 2 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God ;
Take the purchase of thy blood !
- 3 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives :
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.
- R (257)

- 4 See, ye sinners, see the flame,
Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb;*
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.
- 5 Jesus, when this light we see,
All our souls athirst for thee;
When thy quick'ning power we prove,
All our heart dissolves in love.
- 6 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

320

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Free Grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days;
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.
- 2 'Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
'That hath reveal'd thy Son
'To men unlearned; and to babes
'Hath made thy gospel known.
- 3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
'Are hidden from the wise,
'While pride and carnal reasonings join
'To swell and blind their eyes.'
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth,
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sovereign will.

* In allusion to the flame on the altar where the Lamb was sacrificed.

321 S. M.

God that works in us.

- 1 **T**HAT we may walk with God,
He forms our hearts anew;
Takes us like Ephraim by the hand,
And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by his Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 3 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the pow'r by which we act,
His be the glory too.

322 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

True Wisdom. Prov. iii. 13—18.

- 1 **H**APPY the man who finds the grace —
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
And faith that sweetly works by love!
- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, 'the Saviour died for me' —
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 He finds, who wisdom apprehends,
A life begun that never ends;
The tree of life divine she is,
Set in the midst of Paradise.

Happy the man, who wisdom gains,
In whose obedient heart she reigns;
He owns, and will for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven, are one.

323 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Persevering Grace.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom with power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

324 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

God's love in the gift of his Son.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;

- Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the king-errand came,
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

325

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,

Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done,
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the virtue of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Raised from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too
And see our Father's face.

Converting Grace.

1 **I** HEAR a voice that comes from far ;
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;
It soothes my spirit, calms my fear ;
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.

2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice ?

3 Alas, for those !— the day is near
When mercy will be heard no more ;

Then may they ask in vain to hear
The voice they would not hear before.

4 With such I own I once appear'd,
But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard,
Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
That if I differ aught from those,
'T is due to sov'reign grace alone,
That conquers oft its proudest foes.

327 L. M. Stennett.

Praise to God for Renewing Grace.

1 **T**O God my Saviour and my King,
Fain would my soul her tribute bring:
Join me, ye saints, in songs of praise,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpless once I lay,
Just breathing all my life away;
He saw me welt'ring in my blood,
And felt the pity of a God:

3 With speed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and sooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joy divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 These proofs of love, my dearest Lord,
Deep in my breast I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold! I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue shall tune thy praise,
Thro' the remainder of my days;
And, when I join the powers above,
My soul shall better sing thy love.

328 S. M. Doddridge.

Vital Union to Christ.

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine,
 By everlasting bonds;
 Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
 Our souls are in thy hands.
- 2 To thee we still would cleave
 With ever-growing zeal;
 If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
 O let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
 Our souls to thee our head;
 Shall form us to thy image bright,
 That we thy paths may tread.
- 4 Death may our souls divide
 From these abodes of clay;
 But love shall keep us near thy side
 Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,
 Why should we doubt or fear?
 If he in heaven has fix'd his throne,
 He'll fix his members there.

329 7s. Rippon's Selec.

Humility.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart —
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall as my Master, be
 Rooted in humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child;

Pleas'd with all the Lord provides ;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father, fix my soul on thee ;
Every evil let me flee ;
Nothing want, beneath, above —
Happy in thy precious love.

4 Oh, that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd !
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

330

C. M.

Newton.

Privileges of the People of God.

1 **H**APPY are they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell !
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm supports them well.

2 To them in each distressing hour,
His throne of grace is near ;
And, when they plead his love and power,
He stands engaged to hear.

3 Wand'ring in sin, our souls he found,
And bade us seek his face ;
Gave us to hear the gospel sound,
And taste the gospel grace.

4 Oft in his house his glory shines.
Before our wond'ring eyes ;
We wish not then for golden mines,
Or aught beneath the skies.

5 His presence sweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light ;
A word from him dispels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night,

- 6 Lord, we expect to suffer here,
Nor would we dare repine ;
But give us still to find thee near,
And own us still for thine.

331 L. M. Watts' Sermons.

The Christian Treasure.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess !
How rich thy bounty, King of grace !
This world is ours, and worlds to come :
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home ;
- 2 All things are ours, the gifts of God ;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood ;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my bless'd estate
For all the world calls good or great ;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father, I wait thy daily will
Thou shalt divide my portion still :
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

332 7s. Montgomery.

The Three Mountains.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in Majesty,

- To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away ;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful, Calvary.

333

S. M.

Supports of Religion.

- 1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts and fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade —
- 2 Religion can assuage
The tempest of the soul ;
And ev'ry fear shall loose its rage
At her divine control.
- 3 Through life's bewilder'd way,
Her hand unerring leads ;
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.
- 4 When reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;

Thou, blest supporter of the mind,
How powerful is thine aid !

- 5 Oh let me feel thy power,
And find thy sweet relief,
To cheer my ev'ry gloomy hour,
And calm my ev'ry grief.

334

8 & 7.

Robinson.

Sitting at the Cross.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend :
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,
Mercy's streams in streams of blood ;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye :
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze :
Love I much ? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace !
- 3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know !

335

C. M.

Fawcett.

Supreme importance of Religion.

- 1 **R**ELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below ;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know !
- 2 More needful *this* than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose.
- 3 *Religion* should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'Twill fit us for declining age,
And for the awful tomb.
- 4 Oh, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
His government to own !
- 5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear :
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.
- 6 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days ;
And in me let each virtue shine
To my Redeemer's praise.
- 7 Let lively hope my soul inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may I wait with strong desire,
To mount above the skies !

336 S. M. Watts' Psalms.

Safety in God.

1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

2 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

337 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!

Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope, our comfort stands !

- 4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

338 S. M. Doddridge.

The Meek beautified with Salvation.

- 1 YE humble souls, rejoice,
And cheerful praises sing !
Wake all your harmony of voice ;
For Jesus is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,
Whom here your souls have known,
Pledges the honour of his word
T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings salvation near,
For which his blood was paid !
How beauteous shall your souls appear,
Thus sumptuously array'd !
- 4 Sing ! for the day is nigh,
When, near your Saviour's seat,
The tallest sons of pride shall lie
The footstool of your feet.
- 5 Salvation, Lord, is thine,
And all thy saints confess
The royal robes in which they shine,
Were wrought by sov'reign grace.

339 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Access to God by a Mediator.

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.
- 3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are open'd by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King
Who lays his anger by.

340 C. M. Beddome.

Fear Not.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which, like a river, flows
In one continued stream.
 - 2 *Fear not* the powers of earth and hell;
God will these powers restrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.
- Fear not* the want of outward good:
He will for his provide;

- Grant them supplies of daily food,
And all they need beside.
- 4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone ;
He 's faithful to his promises —
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting ;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You, in his wisdom, power, and grace,
May confidently trust ;
His wisdom guides, his power protects
His grace rewards the just.

341

S. M.

Toplady.

Confidence in God.

- 1 **Y**OUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine ;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside, at his control :

S

(273)

His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul

- 5 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee !
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

342

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Holiness and Grace.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

342

2d Part. L. M.

Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever bless'd
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins !
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

343

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Beatitudes.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men, whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love ;

From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.

344

S. M.

For the universal Reign of Christ.

- 1 **O** LORD our God arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of Life, arise !
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 O, Holy Spirit, rise !
Expand thy heavenly wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 O, all ye nations, rise,
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring !

345 L. M. Watts' Psalms.
Blessings of Christ's universal kingdom.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

346 P. M.
The Sinner's Plea.

- 1 **L**ET the world their virtue boast,
Their works of righteousness !
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace ;
Other title I disclaim ;
This, only this, is all my plea :
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream ;
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him ;
Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see ;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live ;
I shall feel thy death applied ;
I shall thy life receive :
Yet when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

347 C. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

- 1 **W**HAT heavenly music do I hear,
Salvation sounding free !
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 How sweetly do the tidings roll,
All round, from sea to sea,
From land to land, from pole to pole,
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Good news, good news, to Adam's race,
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace,
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery,

And bids them welcome home to peace,
This is the Jubilee.

5 Jesus is on his mercy seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat,
This is the Jubilee.

6 Sinners, be wise, return and come
Unto the Saviour free;
The Spirit bids you welcome home,
This is the Jubilee.

7 Come, ye redeem'd, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing,
This is the Jubilee.

348 P. M. Thornby; alt'd.

The Voice of Free Grace.

1 **T**HE voice of free grace
Cries, escape to the mountain;
For Adam's lost race
Christ has open'd a fountain:
For sin and transgression,
And ev'ry pollution,
His blood flows most freely—
Come bathe in this ocean.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb,
By whom we find pardon!
We'll praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

2 This fountain from guilt
Procures our exemption:
The blood that was spilt
Is the price of redemption:

Though your sins were increased
As high as a mountain,
His blood flows to cleanse you —
O come to this fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 3 Bless'd Jesus, ride on —
Thy kingdom is glorious !
Over sin, death, and hell,
Thou wilt make us victorious.
Thy name shall be prais'd
In the great congregation,
And saints shall delight
In ascribing salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

- 4 When on Zion we stand,
Having gain'd the bless'd shore,
With our harps in our hands
We'll praise him evermore ;
We'll range the bless'd fields,
On the banks of the river,
And sing hallelujah
For ever and ever.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

349

P. M.

The Gospel Trumpet.

- 1 **H**ARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds !
While far and wide the echo bounds ;
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God,
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

- 2 Hail, all-victorious conquering Lord !
Be thou by all the world ador'd ;

Who undertook for sinful man,
To bring him back to God again,
That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3 Thy blood, dear Jesus, once was spilt,
To save our souls from sin and guilt;
And sinners now may come to God,
And find salvation in thy blood,
And sail by faith upon that flood,
To endless day.

4 Through storms and calms by faith we steer,
By feeble hope and gloomy fear,
'Till we arrive at Canaan's shore,
Where sin and sorrow are no more;
We'll shout, our trials are all o'er,
To endless day.

5 Fight on, ye conqu'ring saints, fight on;
And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

6 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
With saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;
And this shall be our theme above,
In endless day.

350 10 & 11.

Renouncing the World.

1 O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
(231)

- A country I've found where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground.
- 2 The souls that believe in glory shall live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul don't delay — he calls thee away;
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.
- 3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort — go after
him, go;
Lo! onward I move to a city above;
None guesses how wond'rons my journey will
prove.
- 4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin;
'Midst outward affliction shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to die, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.
- 5 But this I do find, we two are so join'd,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;
So this is the race I'm running through grace,
Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
- 6 And now 'tis my care, my neighbours may share
These blessings — to seek them will none of you
dare?
In bondage, O why! in death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

Precious Promises.

- 1 **H**OW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in his excellent word!
What more can he say, than to you he hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?
- 2 In ev'ry condition — in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

- 3 Fear not, I am with thee ; O be not dismay'd !
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
 stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 4 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 5 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply ;
 The flame shall not hurt thee ; I only design
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 6 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
- 7 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;
 That soul, *though* all hell should endeavour to
 shake,
 I'll never, *no never, no never*, forsake.

352

8, 8, & 6.

Wesley.

The Spiritual Pilgrim.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from anxious care and
 thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confin'd to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.
- 2 The things eternal I pursue,
 And happiness beyond the view
 Of those who basely pant
 For things by nature felt and seen :

(283)

Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

3 Nothing on earth I call my own :
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise !
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight —
A country in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair ;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home :
For me my elder brethren stay ;
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

5 I come, thy servant, Lord ! replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies ;
And claim my heavenly rest ;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end ;
Now — Oh, my Saviour, brother, friend ! —
Receive me to thy breast !

DECLENSION LAMENTED.

353

L. M.

Scott.

The return of the Spirit implored.
Eph. iv. 30.

1 **F**OR EVER shall my fainting soul,
O God, thy just displeasure mourn ;
Thy grieved Spirit long withdrawn,
Will he no more to me return ?
2 Once I enjoy'd, (O happy time !)
The heart-felt visits of his grace ;

- Nor can a thousand varying scenes
The sweet remembrance quite efface.
- 3 Beneath his warming, quickening beams,
The icy rock dissolved away ;
New life diffused through all my powers,
And darkness yielded to the day.
- 4 When justice waved his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul opprest,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whisper'd pardon to my breast.
- 5 Great source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn and sigh in vain ;
Come, repossess this longing heart,
With all the graces of thy train.

Past Seasons recalled.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove ! return,
Sweet messenger of rest !

I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove them from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Heart-evils lamented.

1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,
Here at thy feet, my God,
My passion, pride, and discontent,
And vile ingratitude.

2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
So false as mine has been;
So faithless to its promises,
So prone to every sin!

3 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
These strugglings in my breast?
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
And give my conscience rest?

4 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,
And set the captive free:
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm
And haste to rescue me.

356 S. M.

Desiring to return.

- 1 **A**ND wilt thou yet be found,
And may I still draw near?
Then listen to the plaintive sound
Of a poor sinner's prayer.
- 2 Jesus, thine aid afford,
If still the same thou art,
To thee I look, to thee, my Lord!
Lift up a helpless heart.
- 3 Thou seest my troubled breast,
The strugglings of my will,
The foes that interrupt my rest,
The agonies I feel.
- 4 O my offended Lord,
Restore my inward peace,
I know thou canst; pronounce the word,
And bid the tempest cease!
- 5 I long to see thy face,
Thy Spirit I implore,
The living water of thy grace,
That I may thirst no more.

357 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

The grieved Spirit entreated.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay!
No more thy goodness would I slight;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take thy everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;

Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

- 3 But oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see thy people's rest.
- 4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.
- 5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

358

S. M.

Returning Penitent.

- 1 **O**H! let me see thy light
Mild beaming from above;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat —
Thy countenance of love.
- 2 These clouds so dark and cold —
These gloomy clouds remove;
And let my longing eyes behold
Thy countenance of love.
- 3 The joys I us'd to feel,
Alas! no more I prove:
Why, O my God! dost thou conceal
Thy countenance of love.
- 4 This fickle, faithless heart
Has dared from thee to rove:
I need not ask what should avert
Thy countenance of love.

- 5 How oft did I rebel,
When thy good Spirit strove!
And could I hope to meet thy smile —
Thy countenance of love?
- 6 Oh! let me see thy light
Mild beaming from above;
The light that gilds the mercy-seat —
Thy countenance of love.

359

S. M.

Yielding all for Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?
- 2 Ah! what avails my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life,
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 To rescue me from woe,
Thou didst with all things part,
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.
- 5 My worthless heart to gain,
The God of all that breathe,
Was found in fashion as a man,
And died a cursed death.

T

(289)

- 6 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

360 C. M. Watts' Sermons.

Sins and Sorrows laid before God.

- 1 **O** THAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God;
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

361

7s.

Stennett.

Penitential Sighs.

- 1 **F**ATHER! at thy call I come:
In thy bosom there is room

For a guilty soul to hide —
Press'd with grief on every side.

2 Here I'll make my piteous moan! —
Thou canst understand a groan:
Here my sins and sorrows tell;
What I feel thou knowest well.

3 Ah! how foolish I have been
To obey the voice of sin —
To forget thy love to me,
And to break my vows to thee.

4 Darkness fills my trembling soul;
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;
Pity, Father! pity me;
All my hope's alone in thee.

5 But may such a wretch as I —
Self-condemn'd, and doom'd to die —
Ever hope to be forgiven,
And be smiled upon by Heaven?

6 Yes, I may! for I espy
Pity trickling from thine eye:
'Tis a Father's bowels move —
Move with pardon and with love.

7 Well I do remember, too,
What his love hath deign'd to do;
How he sent a Saviour down,
All my follies to atone.

8 Has my elder brother died?
And is justice satisfied?
Why — oh, why — should I despair
Of my Father's tender care?

362

C. M.

Medley.

Church Declension.

- 1 GREAT God ! incline thy gracious ear
And hear thy children's cry ;
In mercy for our help appear,
Nor let our comforts die.
- 2 Revive our drooping graces, Lord,
Nor let our souls complain ;
Revive us by thy powerful word,
And make us live again.
- 3 Revive thy work within us all,
In holy peace and love ;
And let thy Spirit on us fall,
In blessings from above.
- 4 Then shall we flourish like the vine,
Refresh'd, and made to thrive ;
And all the glory shall be thine,
Who dost thy work revive.

363

L. M.

Kelly.

Recollections of first Love.

- 1 O WHERE is now that glowing love,
That mark'd our union with the Lord ?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known ;
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on Him alone ?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we lov'd —

The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness which then we proved.

- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee:
O cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

364 L. M.

O Lord, revive thy work. Hab. iii. 2.

- 1 **R**EVIVE thy work, Almighty Lord!
Extend the conquests of thy sword;
Erect thy throne in every heart,
And bid each idol hence depart.

- 2 Spirit divine! thy grace diffuse;
Thine influence shed like heavenly dews,
To make our drooping graces thrive:—
Triumphant Lord! thy work revive.

- 3 O draw reluctant hearts to thee;
Make stubborn sinners bend the knee;
Refresh'd by thee let Christians live—
O gracious Lord! thy work revive.

- 4 Attract with cords of love divine,
Those feeble, wandering sheep of thine;
On thy rich pastures make them thrive;
O now thy gracious work revive.

- 5 Revive thy work, triumphant King!
Attune our lips thy praise to sing;
Our dying spark of love inflame,
And claim all glory to thy name.

Prayer for a Revival.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green,
All its plants by thee were nourish'd;
Then how cheering was the scene!
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 3 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again;
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.
- 6 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;

And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

CONFLICT AND PRAYER.

366 C. M. Watts' Hymns; altered.

Penitence and Prayer.

- 1 **O** ! IF my soul were form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the fatal tree ;
And groan'd away a dying life
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those sins of mine,
That shed my Saviour's blood !
That pierc'd and nail'd his sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood !
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die ;
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While, with a melting, broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

367

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Inconstancy Lamented.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?
- 6 Wretch that I am to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
O let me sit beneath thy cross,
And never lose the sight.

368

L. M. ——— altered.

Longings of Heart.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?

The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love !

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near :
O dark ! dark ! dark ! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of Gospel day.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure :
I want, do thou enrich the poor,
Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
O lift the abject sinner up !

4 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind ;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all thou hast in earth or heaven.

5 When from the bonds of flesh set free,
Shall not my spirit fly to thee ?
Jesus, when I have lost my all,
O let me on thy bosom fall.

369

C. M.

Heart-Breathings.

1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that always feels the blood,
So freely spilt for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne :
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

370

L. M.

Doddridge.

Mary's Choice.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 O may this roving treacherous heart,
With Mary, choose the better part;
And scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in Thee.

371

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Strait Gate.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high;

'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry,)
And every member, every sense,
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

372

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

God our Refuge.

1 **D**EAR Father, to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies ;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms of trouble rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near ;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
And let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

373

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Love to the Creatures is dangerous.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace commands my heart away
From all created good.

Exhortation to Prayer.

- 1 **W**HAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright :
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent ;
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me !"

The Examples of Christ and the Saints.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;

- They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them whence their victory came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast ;)
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess'd the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

376

C. M.

Newton.

“ Will ye also go away ? ”

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
As numbers often do,
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
“ Wilt thou forsake me too ? ”
- 2 Ah, Lord, with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me ;
To whom, or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?
- 4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assur'd,
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secur'd
By promise and by blood.

Part I. AND PRAYER. 377, 378

- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case ;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in my boundless grace.
- 6 What anguish has that question stirr'd—
 If I will also go ?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No !

377 L. M. Fawcett.

The Pilgrim's Crosses.

- 1 **T**HROUGH this wide wilderness I roam,
 Far distant from my blissful home ;
Lord, let thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.
- 2 My soul, with various tempests toss'd,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects cross'd,
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.
- 3 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God ?
Are these the toils thy people know,
While in the wilderness below ?
- 4 'Tis even so, thy faithful love
Doth all thy children's graces prove :
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be all in all.

378 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Secret Devotion.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from earth and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven—and there my God I find.

379

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

A wandering heart and a pardoning God.

1 **H**OW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, 'Return :'
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pard'ning love, so free, so sweet,
 Dear Saviour, I adore ;
 O keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more !

380 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 **A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 4 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
 Or lure my feet aside,
 My God, thy powerful aid impart,
 My guardian and my guide.
- 5 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee;
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

381 7s. Rippon's Selec.

Flying to Christ in Temptation.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 U

While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high;
 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me!
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 All in all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin:
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art;
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity!

Hope amid Sorrows.

1 **W**HILE sorrows encompass me round,
 And numerous distresses I see,
 (306)

Astonish'd, I cry, can a mortal be found,
Overwhelm'd with affliction like me ?

2 O, when will my sorrows subside ?
O, when will my sufferings cease ;
My soul to the bosom of Christ be convey'd,
In the mansions of glory and peace ?

3 May I be prepar'd for that day,
When Jesus shall bid me remove !
And, fill'd with his Spirit, fly sweetly away,
To th' arms of my heavenly love.

4 No sorrows be vented that day,
When Jesus has called me home ;
But, cheerfully singing, let each brother say,
" He 's gonè from the evil to come."

5 Immers'd in the ocean of love,
Sweet raptures my soul shall employ,
Till Christ shall descend with a shout from
above,
To take us to fulness of joy.

6 Our slumbering dust shall obey,
And swiftly as thought shall arise ;
And chang'd in a moment, go shouting away,
To the mansions of love in the skies.

383

8 & 7. —Altered.

The Good Shepherd invited.

1 **L**ET thy kingdom, blessed Saviour,
Come, and bid our jarrings cease ;
Come, O come, and reign for ever,
God of love, and Prince of Peace :
(307)

Visit now thy favour'd Zion —

See thy people mourn and weep;

Day and night thy lambs are crying,

“Come, good shepherd, feed thy sheep.”

2 Some for Paul, some for Apollos,

Some for Cephas — none agree :

Jesus ! let us hear thee call us,

Help us, Lord, to follow thee ;

Then we'll rush through what encumbers,

Every hind'rance overleap ;

Undismay'd by force or numbers ; —

Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

3 Saviour, God, with courage arm us,

Help us still to persevere ;

Nothing, Lord, we know can harm us,

While our loving Shepherd's near :

Glory, glory be to Jesus !

At his name our hearts do leap ;

He both comforts us and frees us ;

The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

4 Lord, in us there is no merit,

We've been sinners from our youth :

Guide, O guide us by thy Spirit,

Into all the ways of truth :

On thy Gospel-word we'll venture,

Till in death's cold arms we sleep ;

Bound in love, with Christ our centre —

Come, good Shepherd, feed thy sheep.

5 Christ alone has power to save us,

Taught by him we'll own his name ;

Sweetest of all names is Jesus,

How it doth our hearts inflame !

Give him glory, glory, glory !

Give him glory — he will keep,

He will clear your way before you ; —

The good Shepherd feeds his sheep.

384

7s.

Humble and Earnest Pleadings.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee,
Low we bow th' adoring knee :
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes ;
O! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below —
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears ;
By thy fasting and distress,
In the lonely wilderness ;
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's pow'r ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of pray'r ;
By the purple robe of scorn,
By the wounds — thy crown of thorn ;
By thy cross — thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice —
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.
- 4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy pow'r from death to save ;
Dying, ris'n, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heav'n restor'd,
Bending from that throne on high,
Hear our humble, earnest cry.

385

6 lines, 8s.

Grant.

Confidence in the Mediator. Heb. iv. 15.

1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark and friends are few,
 On him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain ;
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly virtue's narrow way ;
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,
 Still he who felt temptation's pow'r,
 Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend ;
 And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
 Divides me — for a little while —
 Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

4 And, O, when I have safely past
 Thro' every conflict — but the last,
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside
 My painful bed — for thou hast died ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day
 And wipe the latest tear away.

386

L. M. 6 lines. 8s. Wesley.

Wrestling Jacob.

1 **C**OME, O thou Traveller unknown,
 Whom 'still I hold, but cannot see !
 My company before is gone,
 And I am left alone with thee.

With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
My misery and sin declare ;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there :
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold ;
Art thou the man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name ?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolv'd I am :
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain :
When I am weak, then am I strong !
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

387

7s.

Prayer to the Son of David.

1 **W**HEN the heart is sad within,
Burden'd with the weight of sin ;
When the spirit sinks with fear,
" Jesus, Son of David," hear !

(311)

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Though the sins were not thine own;
 Thou wert pleased their load to bear:
 "Jesus, Son of David," hear!

- 2 When our heads are bow'd with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn a brother dear,
 "Jesus, Son of David," hear!
 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
 Thou hast shed the friendly tear:
 "Jesus, Son of David," hear!
- 3 When our dying hour shall come,
 And the Lord shall call us home
 When our final doom is near,
 "Jesus, Son of David," hear!
 Thou hast pass'd through death's dark shade;
 Thou hast full atonement made;
 Thou to God's right hand art near:
 "Jesus, Son of David," hear!

388

12s.

Heber.

Mariner's Song.

"Save, Lord, or we perish."

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
 is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
 gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we
 perish."
- 2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow;
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries, in his anguish, "Save, Lord! or we
 perish."

(312)

- 3 And, O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to
cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord! or we
perish."

ADMONITION AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

389 L. M.

Exhortation to the Church.

- 1 **A** WAKE, Jerusalem, awake !
No longer in thy sins lie down ;
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes ;
Arise, and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliverer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion, assert thy liberty ;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like your God, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

Earth and Heaven.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.
- 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.
- 6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim,
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

Glorious Prospect.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;

Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes—
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepar'd—
There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you, undismay'd, go on.
- 6 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

392

L. M.

Gibbons.

Rising to God.

NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil and see
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?

(315)

Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

- 4 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

393 L. M. Double.

Admonition to Holiness.

- 1 **S**AY now, ye lovely social band,
Who walk the way to Canaan's land ;
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain,
Say, would you now return again ?
Have you just ventured to the field,
Well arm'd with helmet, sword, and shield,
And shall the world, with dread alarms,
Compel you now to ground your arms ?
- 2 Beware of pleasure's siren song ;
Alas ! it cannot soothe you long ;
It cannot quiet Jordan's wave,
Nor cheer the dark and silent grave.
O let your thoughts delight to soar,
Where earth and time shall be no more :
Explore by faith the heavenly fields,
And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.
- 3 There see the glorious hosts on wing,
And hear the heav'nly seraphs sing !
The shining ranks in order stand,
Or move like lightning at command.
Jehovah there reigns not alone,
The Saviour shares his father's throne ;
While angels circle round his seat,
And worship prostrate at his feet.

- 4 Behold ! I see among the rest,
A host in richer garments dress'd ;
A host that near his presence stands,
And palms of victory grace their hands.
Say, who are these I now behold,
With blood-wash'd robes and crowns of gold?
This glorious host is not unknown
To him who sits upon the throne.
- 5 These are the followers of the Lamb ;
From tribulation great they came ;
And on the hill of sweet repose,
They bid adieu to all their woes.
Soon on the wings of love you 'll fly,
To join them in that world on high —
O make it now your chiefest care,
The image of your Lord to bear.

394

P. M.

Newton.

Trust and Confidence.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief!
My Saviour is near ;
And for my relief
Will surely appear :
By prayer let me wrestle,
And he will perform ;
With Christ in the vessel,
I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide :
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.

(317)

- 3 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer,
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.
- 4 Determin'd to save,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death;
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me
To put me to shame!
- 5 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.
- 6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That sinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine!
- 7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet,
The med'cine is food:

Though painful at present,
'T will cease before long ;
And then, O, how pleasant
The conqueror's song.

395 8 & 7.

Young Soldiers encouraged.

- 1 **D**ARK and thorny is the desert,
Through which pilgrims make their way;
But beyond this vale of sorrows
Lie the fields of endless day.
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go ;
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young soldiers, are you weary
Of the troubles of the way ?
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay ?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you,
He will lead you to his throne ;
He who dyed his garments for you,
And the wine-press trod alone.
- 3 He whose thunder shakes creation,
He who bids the planets roll ;
He who rides upon the tempest,
And whose sceptre sways the whole.
Round him are ten thousand angels,
Ready to obey command :
They are always hovering round you,
Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4 There, on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
In the fields of endless rest,
Love, and joy, and peace shall ever
Reign and triumph in your breast.

Who can paint those scenes of glory,
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high?
 Where the golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky?

- 5 Millions there of flaming seraphs
 Fly across the heavenly plain;
 There they sing immortal praises —
 Glory! glory! is their strain;
 But methinks a sweeter concert
 Makes the heavenly arches ring,
 And a song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6 O their crowns, how bright they sparkle!
 Such as monarchs never wear;
 They are gone to heavenly pastures —
 Jesus is their Shepherd there.
 Hail, ye happy, happy spirits!
 Welcome to the blissful plain!
 Glory, honour, and salvation!
 Reign, sweet Shepherd, ever reign.

396

7s.

Cowper.

“ Lovest thou Me ? ”

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul! it is the Lord,
 'Tis the Saviour, hear his word,
 Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
 ' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 ' I deliver'd thee when bound,
 ' And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 ' Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 ' Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 ' Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare ?

(320)

‘ Yes, she may forgetful be,
‘ Yet will I remember thee.

4 ‘ Mine is an unchanging love,
‘ Higher than the heights above ;
‘ Deeper than the depths beneath,
‘ Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 ‘ Thou shalt see my glory soon,
‘ When the work of grace is done ;
‘ Partner of my throne shalt be,
‘ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou me ?

6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
That my love’s so weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more !

397

P. M.

Wesley.

Renewed Vigour.

1 COME, let us anew,
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still,
Till the Master appear.

2 His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope,
And the labour of love.

3 Our life is a dream,
Our time as a stream
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment
Refuses to stay.

- 4 The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view,
And eternity's here.
- 5 O that each in the day
Of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
"I have finish'd the work
"Thou didst give me to do."
- 6 O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
"Enter into my joy,
"And sit down on my throne!"

398

7 & 6.

The Faithful Soldier.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above?
And from the flowing fountain
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be deliver'd
From this vain world of sin?
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bids me ne'er give o'er;
His promises are faithful —
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternally shall live.

- 3 Through grace I am determin'd
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow!
I bid them both adieu!
And, O. my friends, prove faithful
And on your way pursue.
- 4 Whene'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray:
Gird on the gospel armour
Of faith, and hope, and love;
And when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.
- 5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.
- 6 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall rend the vaulted skies,
And bid th' entombed millions
From their cold beds arise,
Our ransom'd dust, revived,
Bright beauties shall put on,
And soar to the bless'd mansions
Where our Redeemer's gone.
- 7 Our eyes shall then with rapture,
The Saviour's face behold;
Our feet no more diverted,
Shall walk the streets of gold;

Our ears shall hear with transport,
The hosts celestial sing;
Our tongues shall chant the glories
Of our immortal King.

399

L. M.

Fawcett.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

- 1 **A**FFLICTED saint, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 2 Let not thy heart despond, and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged, by firm decree,
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And, if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 5 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty —
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.
- 6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue:
He comes to set thy spirit free;
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

400

L. M.

Awful and Glorious.

- 1 **C**OME you that know the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk the narrow, happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street ;
Though hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 The happy day will soon appear,
When the archangel's trump you'll hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea, down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames !
The trumpet louder still proclaims ;
The world shall hear and know her doom,
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come ;
While Christ the Judge, with joy proclaims
" Here come my saints—I own their names.
- 6 " Ye everlasting doors, fly wide,
" Make ready to receive my bride ;
" Ye harps of heaven, sound aloud,
" Here comes the purchase of my blood."
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendour to the throne.

- 8 They stand with wonder, and look on ;
They join in one eternal song,
The great Redeemer to admire,
While raptures set their souls on fire.

401

9 & 8.

Encouragement through Christ.

- 1 **Y**E souls who are bound unto Canaan,
Come join in and help me to sing
An anthem of praise unto Jesus,
My Prophet, my Priest, and my King :
His name is so sweetly melodious,
'Twill help you more swiftly to move,
While Jesus himself is the leader,
Who draws with the chords of his love.
- 2 When Jesus beheld me in nature,
Pursuing the road unto pain,
He brought me my sins to discover,
And cleansed my soul from its stain.
How sweet were the accents of pardon !
How quickly my guilt did remove !
When I could behold the sweet wonder,
That God such a sinner could love.
- 3 And now I am pressing for Canaan,
Though Jordan is rolling before ;
It causes me almost to tremble,
To hear how the billows do roar !
But Jesus who calms the proud ocean,
Can cause all its raging to cease ;
If faith, hope, and love be in motion,
I'll walk through the valley in peace.
- 4 His rod and his staff shall console me,
His shepherd-like voice I shall hear ;
Then why should its raging affright me,
Since Jesus will be with me there ?

On seraphic wings I'll be soaring,
To join the blest spirits above ;
There ever to praise and adore him,
Who brought me to mansions of love.

- 5 O Christians ! I feel myself happy
In anticipating the joy :
We shortly on love shall be feasting,
In pleasures that never can cloy.
Poor sinners, it grieves me to leave you,
I once more entreat you to go ;
O ! hasten and fly unto Jesus —
The gospel's inviting you now.
- 6 Dear mourners, I view your condition
With pleasure that's mingled with pain
You're sick — but the gracious Physician
Has not bid you trust him in vain ;
O do not despair of his mercy,
Though dead, he your life can retrieve ;
The means of your cure are quite easy,
'Tis only to look, and you'll live !
- 7 Take courage, ye conquering soldiers ;
The warfare will shortly be o'er ;
And then you shall march to the city,
With Jesus to reign evermore.
Eternity then will be ringing
Salvation to God and the Lamb !
O Christians ! I long to be singing
With angels, the praise of his name.

402

P. M.

The Year of Jubilee.

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star !
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around !

Joy to the soul! — the soul is free!
It is the Year of Jubilee.

- 2 Prisoners of hope! in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly;
Rise with the Lord! — He sets you free:
It is the Year of Jubilee.

- 3 Ye, who have sold for nought
The land your fathers won,
Behold how God hath wrought
Redemption through his Son!
Your heritage again is free,
It is the Year of Jubilee.

- 4 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave Himself for you:
The blood of Christ hath made you free!
It is the Year of Jubilee.

- 5 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free,
It is the Year of Jubilee.

The Midnight Cry.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake,
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take:
Up-starting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh!

- 2 He comes, he comes to call
 The nations to his bar,
 And take to glory all
 Who meet for glory are ;
 Make ready for your full reward,
 Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
- 3 Go meet him in the sky,
 Your everlasting Friend ;
 Your head to glorify ;
 With all his saints ascend ;
 Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
 To see, without a veil, his face.
- 4 Ye that have here receiv'd
 The unction from above,
 And in his Spirit lived
 Obedient to his love ;
 Jesus shall claim you for his bride ;
 Rejoice with all the sanctified.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious hope
 Of that great day unknown,
 When you shall be caught up
 To stand before his throne,
 Call'd to partake the marriage feast,
 And lean on our Immanuel's breast.
- 6 Then let us wait to hear
 The trumpet's welcome sound ;
 To see our Lord appear,
 May we be watching found ;
 Enrob'd in righteousness divine,
 In which the bride shall ever shine.

PRAYING AND PRAISING.

404

C. M.

For conformity to Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing ev'ry name
That's known in earth or heaven!
- 2 Before thy throne shall ev'ry knee
Bow down with one accord:
Before thy throne shall ev'ry tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.
- 3 Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
Didst equal honour claim;
Yet to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame!
- 4 Oh! may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!
- 5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To imitate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

405

L. M.

Near to Christ.

- 1 **M**Y Hope, my All, my Saviour, thou;
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee Saviour, in my heart.

- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

406

8 & 7.

Robinson.

Mercies gratefully acknowledged.

- 1 **C**OME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — O fix me on it!
Mount of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come:
And I trust, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd his precious blood!

- 3 O! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it!
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart — O, take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above.

God's 'abounding Mercy.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame
- 5 He knows we are but dust
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath,
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;

And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

408 P. M. Oliver.

God, the Pilgrim's Guide and Strength.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak — but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

409 C. M. Newton.

Amazing Grace.

- 1 **A**MAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd:

How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd !

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come ;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures ;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth shall soon dissolve like snow,
The sun forbear to shine ;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

410

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

God, the Portion of the Soul.

1 **M**Y God ! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights ! —

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun ;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his !

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To meet my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

411 8 & 7.

Praying for Divine guidance.

- 1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears,
Through the changes Thou 'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears.
O refresh us with Thy blessing,
O refresh us with Thy grace ;
May Thy mercies, never ceasing,
Fit us for Thy dwelling place.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let Thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in Thy perfect way.
O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.
- 4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us with Thy blessing, &c.

- 5 Then, O crown us with thy blessing,
 Through the triumphs of Thy grace,
 Then shall praises, never ceasing,
 Echo through Thy dwelling place.
 O refresh us with thy blessing, &c.

412

11s.

The Brook Kedron. An Ode.

- 1 **T**HOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
 stream,
 Our Saviour, at midnight, when moon-light's
 pale beam
 Shone bright on the water, would frequently stray,
 And lose in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.

CHORUS.

- Come, saints, and adore him, come, bow at his
 feet ;
 O give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
- 2 How damp were the vapours that fell on his head !
 How hard was his pillow, how humble his bed !
 The angels, astonish'd, grew sad at the sight,
 And follow'd their Master with solemn delight !
 Come, saints, &c.
- 3 O garden of Olivet ! dear honour'd spot,
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;
 The theme most transporting to seraphs above ;
 The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love !
 Come, saints, &c.

413

L. M.

Stowell.

The Mercy-Seat.

- 1 **F**ROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the Mercy-Seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place of all on earth most sweet—
It is the blood bought Mercy-Seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sunder'd far—by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-Seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd—
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy-Seat.

5 There, *there*, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more.
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy-Seat.

6 O let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the Mercy-Seat.

414 P. M.

Song of Miriam.

1 **S**OUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah hath triumph'd ! his people are free !
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken !
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
brave—
How vain were their boasting ! the Lord hath
but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
wave !

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
Jehovah hath triumph'd ! his people are free !

- 2 Praise to the Conqueror ! praise to the Lord !
 His word was our arrow — his breath was our sword !
 Who shall return, to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 The Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide :
 Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !
 Jehovah hath triumph'd ! his people are free !

TIMES OF REVIVAL.

Note.—Hymns suitable for these seasons may be found under other heads.

415

C. M.

Great Joy in that City. Acts viii. 8.

- 1 **H**OW much the drooping hearts revive,
 Of those who fear the Lord ;
 When sinners, dead, are made alive
 By his reviving word !
- 2 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
 When souls receive the word ;
 When ransom'd sinners hear his voice,
 Return, and love the Lord.
- 3 The Church of God their praises join,
 And of salvation sing ;
 They glorify the grace divine,
 Of their victorious King.
- 4 In heav'n above, th' angelic throng
 Around the throne rejoice ;
 But sinners sav'd should swell the song,
 With loudest, sweetest voice.

Part I. TIMES OF REVIVAL. 416, 417

416 L. M. Beddome.

The love and power of Christ.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, for Christ the Saviour reigns ;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad ;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own him their Saviour, and their God.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive ;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 Oh, may his conquest still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue ;
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below, from all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name ;—
In songs as lofty as his love.

417 P. M. Doddridge.

Zion's Prosperity.

- 1 **O** ZION, tune thy voice,
And raise thy hands on high ;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And boast salvation nigh.
Cheerful in God,
Arise, and shine,
While rays divine
Stream all abroad.
- 2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade ;
His all-resplendent grace,
He pours around thy head ;

The nations round,
Thy form shall view,
With lustre new
Divinely crown'd.

- 3 In honour to his name,
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright;
Pursue his praise,
Till sovereign love,
In worlds above,
The glory raise.
- 4 There on his holy hill
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies;
While round his throne
Ten thousand stars,
In nobler spheres,
His influence own.

Rejoicing in Christ's Reign.

- 1 **N**OW living waters flow,
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.
- 2 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again:
Jesus, Jehovah, be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.
- 3 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known,
The Universal Lord.

419 P. M. Kelly.

Encouraging Prospect.

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God — the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 3 Oh! 'tis pleasant — 'tis reviving
To our hearts to hear, each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlightening,
Who in death and darkness lay.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world — in every land;
And the idols
Perish, Lord — at thy command.

420 P. M.

Proclamation of the Gospel.

- 1 **H**ARK — hark — the notes of joy,
Roll o'er the heavenly plains!
And seraphs find employ,
For their sublimest strains,

Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

- 2 Hark — hark — the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

- 3 Bear — bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show. —
Ye winds that blow — ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!

- 4 Strike — strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!
-

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

421

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Living and Dying with God present.

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord;
My life expires if thou depart:
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;

Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.

- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

422

C. M.

Communion with God.

- 1 **T**ALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.
- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care:
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.
- 3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
- 5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see —
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

423

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Parting with Carnal Joys.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away :
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of deep despair ;
And, while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

424

C. M. Miss Williams.

Devotion.

- 1 **W**HILST thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar :

Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd ;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings the favour'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart will rest on thee.

425

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Paradise on Earth.

1 **W**HEN Christ with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

2 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs ;
And every sense I straight employ
On sweet celestial things.

3 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows !
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.

- 4 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne!
- 5 But ah! how soon my joys decay;
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly scene away
From these lamenting eyes!
- 6 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave these clouds of sin,
And guilt, and darkness here?
- 7 Up to the fields above the skies,
My hasty feet would go;
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

426

S. M.

Doddridge.

Communion with the Father and Christ.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near,
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs:
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good,
Diffused from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchased with his blood!

- 4 Jesus, our living head,
We bless thy faithful care ;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
Here wait, my warmest love !
Till this communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

427

L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Dedication to God.

- 1 **E**MPTIED of earth, I fain would be,
Of sin, of self, of all but thee ;
Reserv'd for Christ, who bled and died,
Surrender'd to the Crucified.
- 2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, and pomp, and pride of life,
Prepar'd for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.
- 3 Nothing, save Jesus, would I know,
My friend and my companion, thou,
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all rival loves to flight.
- 4 Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get ;
Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by the Spirit's two-edged sword.
- 5 Detach from sublunary joys,
One that would only hear thy voice :
And fit me for my last abode,
To dwell for ever with my God.

428

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Enjoyment of Christ's presence.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
And spread the table of thy grace :
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.
- 4 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
How sweet thy entertainments are !
Never did angels taste, above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 5 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,
In thee thy father's glories shine ;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

429

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

God's Favour transporting.

- 1 **W**HEN I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.
- 2 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,

Here we could sit, and gaze away
A long, an everlasting day.

3 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light ;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

4 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we pass through this barren land ;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.

430

S. M. Watts' Hymns.

God, All in All.

1 **M**Y God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thy embrace,
And nowhere else but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.

- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly,
With infinite desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie!
Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

431

L. M.

Christ supremely desired.

- 1 JESUS, thy face I long to see,
That lovely face, once marr'd for me;
In which with lustre all divine,
A thousand peerless beauties shine.
- 2 The transient visits of thy grace,
Make earth itself a pleasant place!
And heaven would be no heaven to me,
If I were parted, Lord, from thee.
- 3 To thee my fainting spirit flies,
To thee my warm affections rise;
For thee alone I sigh and mourn,
And anxious wait thy kind return.
- 4 One smile of thine my heart can cheer,
Prisons delight, if thou art there;
In thine embrace I'll yield my breath,
And triumph in the pangs of death.

432

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ sought and found.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour, meet:
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heavenly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in my embrace.
- 4 I bring him to my mother's home
Nor does my Lord refuse to come,
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

433

L. M.

For Communion with Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart,
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 'twill ne'er depart,
But live around that hallow'd place?
- 2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;

All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

- 3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurements should beguile,
A heart so privileged—so blest.

- 4 Come, then, my Saviour, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove ;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there with cords of love.

434

8, 8, & 6.

Divine Love.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable ;
The first-born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depths to see ;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

- 3 God only knows the love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad,
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !

- 4 O that I could for ever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;

My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

- 5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast :
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

435 8 & 7. Wesley ; altered.

Divine Love invoked.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into every troubled breast !
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy sacred rest :
Take away the power of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be ;
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

- 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave :

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

- 4 Finish then, thy new creation,
More like Jesus let us be ;
Let us, through thy great salvation,
More and more from sin be free ;
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

436

C. M.

Divine Fellowship.

- 1 **F**ROM all that 's mortal, all that 's vain,
And from this earthly clod,
Arise, my soul, and strive to gain
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
Wherever thou hast trod,
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God ?
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flowery road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship, here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to bear
Affliction's needful load,

Light, sweet, and kind, the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.

6 In fierce temptations's fiery blast,
When dangerous is the road,
I'm happy if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.

7 And when the icy hand of death
Shall chill my flowing blood,
O may I yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.

8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode,
Then an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

Longing for Divine Communion.

1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
Thou joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art :
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

2 Ah ! show me that happiest place,
The place of thy people's abode,
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a crucified God.
Thy love for a sinner declare,
Thy passion and death on the tree ;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee.

- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast:
'Tis there I would always abide,
And never one moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held on thy heart.

438

8s.

Newton.

The Presence of Christ desired.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers.
Have all lost their sweetness with me.
The midsummer's sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December 's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish for or fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.
-

PRESSING ON TOWARDS
PERFECTION.

439 C. M.

The Christian Race.

1. **B**EHOLD what witnesses unseen
Encompass us around!
Men once like us with sufferings tried,
But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us with zeal, like theirs, inspir'd,
Pursue the Christian race;
And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path —
Jesus, at once the finisher
And author of the faith.
- 4 He, for the joy before him set,
(So gen'rous was his love,)
Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Then let our hearts no more despond,
 Our hands be weak no more;
 Still let us trust our Father's love,
 His wisdom still adore.

440 C. M. Doddridge.

The same subject.

1 **A** WAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigour on:
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

4 Bless'd Saviour! introduced by thee,
 Have we our race begun;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
 We'll lay our laurels down.

441 C. M.

Nearness to Christ.

1 **O**H, could I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God!
 Then should my hours glide sweet away
 While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day;

In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And when my frame dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

442 C. M. Watts' ; alt'd.

The Blessed Society in Heaven.

1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
Through every heavenly street,
And say, There's naught below the sun
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 There on a high majestic throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sends his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

3 Bright like the sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

4 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three One.

5 Then let us mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above ;
Nor earth, nor all her brightest things,
Engage or tempt our love.

443 C. M. Needham.

Scripture Characters and Examples.

- 1 **R**ISE, O my soul — pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men,
Who lived and walked with God.
- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious
blood
They conquer'd ev'ry foe;
To his almighty power and grace
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road,
That led them safe to heaven.

444 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Hope of Heaven our Support.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies;
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then can I smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all :

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

445

6 & 7.

Cennick.

Rising towards Heaven.

- 1 **R**ISE, my soul ! and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heav'n thy native place !
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above !
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source :
Thus a soul, new-born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet, a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given —
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

446

C. M. Double.

The happy Child of Grace.

- 1 **H**OW happy 's every child of grace,
Who feels his sins forgiv'n !
'This world, he cries, is not my place,
I seek a place in heav'n :
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O ! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
A heaven prepar'd for me.
- 2 To that Jerusalem above,
With singing I'll repair ;
While in the world, by hope and love,
My heart and soul are there :
There my exalted Saviour stands,
My merciful High-Priest,
And still extends his wounded hands,
'To take me to his breast.
- 3 O ! what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay !
We more than taste the heavenly pow'rs,
And antedate that day :
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ conceal'd,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 4 O ! would he more of heav'n bestow,
And let this vessel break !
And let my ransom'd spirit go,
To grasp the God I seek :
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bled and died for me ;
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

HEAVENLY PROSPECTS.

44 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Glories of Heaven.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear ev'ry thought above!
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For thy bright worlds on high;
Then bid our souls rise up and join
The chorus of the sky.

448 C. M. Beddome.

Heaven's Blessedness.

- 1 **M**ILLIONS of spirits round the throne,
In humble posture stand;
On ev'ry head a starry crown,
A palm in ev'ry hand.

- 2 From different quarters of the globe
These happy spirits came ;
In Jesus' blood they wash'd their robes,
And triumph'd in his name.
- 3 One glorious body now they make,
And Christ their glorious Head ;
Their souls to rapturous joys awake ;
Their sorrows all are fled.
- 4 Without a jarring note they join
In ceaseless songs of praise ;
And to the sacred 'Three in One,
Loud hallelujahs raise.

The Saint's Portion.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life 's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God !
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Part I. HEAVENLY PROSPECTS. 450, 451

450 S. M.

Heaven contrasted with Earth.

- 1 **O** WHAT a mighty change
Shall Christian suff'ers know,
When o'er the heavenly plains they range,
Incapable of woe!
- 2 There all our griefs are spent ;
There all our trials end ;
We cannot there the loss lament
Of one departed friend.
- 3 No brother, dead to God,
By sin is there undone :
No father there, lamenting loud,
Cries " O my son ! my son ! "
- 4 No slightest touch of pain,
No sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy.
- 5 In that eternal day,
No clouds nor tempests rise :
There God shall wipe all tears away
For ever from our eyes.

451 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Aspiring Heavenward.

- 1 **U**P to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this load of guilt remove ;
(365)

And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove !

3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be,
How despicable to my eyes !

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave ;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great All in All ! Eternal King !
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

View of Heaven.

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbecclouded eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

453 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

For a Happy Death.

- 1 **O** GOD of Love! with cheering ray
Gild my expiring streak of day;
Thy love, through each revolving year,
Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
- 2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb
Heighten my joy, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.
- 3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life, when life shall end!
- 4 Crown my *last* moment with thy pow'r —
The *latest* in my latest hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

454

C. M. Double.

Death and Heavenly Happiness.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high; —
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
(That only bliss for which it pants,)
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I travel my appointed years,
'Till my deliverer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.
- 3 O, what hath Jesus done for me! —
Before my raptur'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.
- 4 O, what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

The Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh! the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

The Heavenly Rest.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given:
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found alone—in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise—and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—but heaven.
- 3 There, Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven!
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven!

Separated, but United; or, the Christian's Hope.

- 1 **H**AIL! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has giv'n,
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

We all shall meet in heav'n at last,
We all shall meet in heav'n:
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heav'n.

2 What! though the northern wintry blast,
Shall howl around your cot:
What! though beneath an eastern sun,
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Africa's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again:
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.
O sacred hope! O blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

458

7s.

Sacred Lyrics.

The Songs and Bliss of Heaven.

1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptur'd saints above;
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love:
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

- 2 Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lull'd to rest, the aching head,
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wip'd away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

459

P. M.

Heavenly Hope.

- 1 **T**HERE is a thought can lift the soul
Above the narrow sphere that bounds
it—
A star, that sheds its mild control
Brightest, when grief's dark cloud surrounds
it;
And pours a soft, pervading ray,
Life's ills can never chase away.
- 2 When earthly joys have left the breast,
And e'en the last fond hope it cherish'd
Of mortal bliss—too like the rest—
Beneath woe's withering touch has perish'd,
With fadeless lustre streams that light—
A halo on the brow of night.
- 3 And bitter were our sojourn here,
In this dark wilderness of sorrow,
Did not that rainbow beam appear—

Part I. HEAVENLY PROSPECTS. 460, 461

The herald of a brighter morrow —
A friendly beacon from on high,
To guide us to Eternity.

460 Tune, "Sweet Home."
The Home of the Soul.

1 O WHERE can the soul find relief from its
foes?

A shelter of safety, a home of repose?

Can earth's highest summit, or deepest hid vale,
Give a refuge, no sorrow nor sin can assail?

No, no! — there's no home —

There's no home on earth — the soul has no
home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions on high?

In the bright realms of bliss will a dwelling be
giv'n,

And the soul find a home in the glory of heav'n?

Yes, yes! — there's a home —

There's a home in high heaven — the soul has a
home.

3 O! holy and sweet its rest shall be there!

Free for ever from sin, and from sorrow and care;

And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise,

To welcome the soul to its home in the skies.

Home, home — home of the soul.

The bosom of God is the home of the soul.

461 11s.

Longing for heaven.

1 "I WOULD not live always:" I ask not to
stay,

Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;

The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here,

Are followed by gloom, or beclouded with fear.

2 "I would not live always" — no, bless'd is the
tomb;

Since Jesus has died, I will welcome its gloom;

There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 3 Who, who would live always, away from his
God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns : —
- 4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul ?

Glory seen by Faith.

- 1 GREAT Redeemer, Friend of sinners,
Thou hast wond'rous power to save;
Grant me grace, and still protect me,
Over life's tempestuous wave.
May my soul with sacred transport,
View the dawn while yet afar,
And, until the sun arises,
Guide me by the morning-star.
- 2 Oh! what madness! oh! what folly!
That my heart should go astray,
After vain and foolish trifles —
Trifles only of a day!
This vain world, with all its pleasures,
Soon, alas! will be no more;
There's no object worth admiring,
But the God whom we adore.
- 3 See the happy spirits waiting,
On the banks beyond the stream,
Sweet responses still repeating,
Jesus, Jesus is their theme:

Hark ! they whisper ; — lo ! they call me
“ Sister spirit come away ; ”
Lo ! I come ; — earth can't detain me ;
Hail ! the realms of endless day.

- 4 Swiftly roll, ye ling'ring hours ;
Seraphs, lend your glittering wings ;
Love absorbs my ransom'd powers,
Heavenly music round me rings ;
Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
Far above yon azure sky,
Only now by faith I see you :
Soon I hope to dwell on high.

463

C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
Oh how I long for thee !
When will my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?
- 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone,
Most glorious to behold !
Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant scenes,
My study long have been ;
Such radiant light, by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.
- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord,
Why should I stay from thence :
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence !
- 5 Reach down, reach down, thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.

6 Jesus, my Lord, to glory 's gone ;
Him will I go and see ;
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.

7 My friends, I bid you all adieu !
I leave you in God's care ;
And if I never more see you,
Go on — I'll meet you there.

8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heav'n shall ring with praise ;
While Jesus' love, in every heart,
Shall tune the song *free grace*.

9 Millions of years around may run —
Our songs shall still go on,
To praise the *Father* and the *Son*,
And *Spirit* — *Three in One*.

464

C. M. Double.

The same subject.

1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold,
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

2 O when, thou city of my God
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day :
Apostles, prophets, martyrs there,
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join that glorious band.

4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee ;
There shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.
Then on a golden harp I'll play,
And love shall tune each chord ;
I'll spend a long eternity,
In praises to my Lord.

465 C. M. Double. Watts' Lyrics.
The Everlasting Song.

1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long ;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies :
There the bless'd *Man*, my Saviour, sits,
The *God*, how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

2 Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around ;
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound :

Jesus the Lord their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing !
Jesus, the life of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

3 Hark ! how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run ;
And echo, in majestic sounds,
The godhead of the Son !
And now they sink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring the Father's equal down,
To dwell in humble clay.

4 O sacred beauties of the man !
The God resides within ;
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.
But when to Calvary they turn,
Silent their harps abide ;
Suspended songs a moment mourn
The God that lov'd and died.

5 Then all at once, to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord ;
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chant their rising Lord !
Now let me mount and join their song,
And be an angel too ;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise ;
O, for some heavenly notes, to bear
My passions to the skies !
There ye that love my Saviour sit,
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

FUNERAL.

466 L. M. Watts' Lyrics.

A Funeral Hymn.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.
- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; — God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed :
Rest here, blest saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn ;
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust — a glorious form —
Call'd to ascend, and meet the Lord.

467 C. M. Watts alt'd.

Death and Burial of Christians.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
To heaven's desired abode ? —
Why should we wish the hours more slow,
Which keep us from our God ?

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 'Their bodies to the tomb?
 'Twas there the Saviour's body lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And soften'd every bed:
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And show'd our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord his saints shall fly
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground!
 Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Longing for the Lot of the Blessed.

- 1 OH for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord!
 Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies, in the ground,
 In silent hope may lie,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
 Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransom'd spirits soar
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.

- 4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

469 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1 **M**Y soul come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow, gaping tomb:
This gloomy prison waits for you,
Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 O! could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead.
- 4 Then should we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How should we scorn these clothes of flesh,
These fetters, and this load,
And long for evening to undress,
That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay,
Before the summons come,
And pray and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

470

C. M.

Doddridge.

Death and Judgment.

- 1 **H**EAVEN has confirm'd the great decree,
That Adam's race must die :
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
In every funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die ; and once for all
The solemn purport weigh ;
For know, that heaven or hell attend
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And every word and every thought
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 Oh, may I, in the Judge, behold
My Saviour and my Friend !
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend.

471

C. M. Watts' Hymns

A Funeral Thought.

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
' Ye living men come view the ground
' Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
'In spite of all your towers;
'The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
'Must lie as low as ours.'
- 3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?
- 4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace;
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

472

C. M.

Death and Heaven.

- 1 **S**WIFT as my fleeting days decline,
The final hour draws nigh,
When, from the busy scenes of time,
I must retire and die!
- 2 O! may this solemn thought pervade
And penetrate my soul!
Govern my life through every stage!
And all my powers control!
- 3 Lord, draw thy image on my heart,
And show my sins forgiven;
And all that holiness impart
Which fits the soul for heaven.
- 4 Then welcome the kind hour of death,
That ends this painful strife!
The hand that stops this mortal breath
Will give eternal life.

473

S. M.

Doddridge.

Reflections on past Generations.

- 1 **H**OW swift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the sea!
The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
To vast eternity!
- 2 Our fathers! where are they,
With all they call'd their own? —
Their joys and griefs — and hopes and cares
And wealth and honour — gone!
- 3 But joy or grief succeeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While still the remnant of their dust
Lies in the grave forgot.
- 4 There, where the fathers lie,
Must all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage possess,
But such a gloomy cell.
- 5 God of our fathers, hear,
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 6 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

474

C. M.

Watts' Lyrics

The Welcome Messenger.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,

With longing eyes and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death ;

2 How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

3 Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place !
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

4 Jesus, then purge my crimes away ;
'T is guilt creates my fears,
'T is guilt gives death his fierce array,
And all the arms he bares.

5 O if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

6 Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

475 S. M. Watts' Psalms.

The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life, how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name !

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day
'T is mouldering back to dust.

- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble pow'rs decay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

476

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
claims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

477

L. M.

Looking to Death.

- 1 **S**HRINKING from the cold hand of death
I soon shall gather up my feet;

- Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die — my father's God to meet.
- 2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see;—
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!
- 3 O that without a ling'ring groan,
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live!
- 4 Walk with me through the dreadful shade,
And certify'd that thou art mine,
My spirit calm, and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.
- 5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

478

S. M. Montgomery.

Rest for the Soul.

- 1 **O**H, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!
'T were vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life *to live*,
Nor all of death *to die*.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years —
And all that life is love.

- 4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

The Song of Simeon. Luke ii.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same!
- 2 With what divine and vast delight,
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child.
- 3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold thy servant dies!"
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine
"Upon the Gentile lands:
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."
- 5 Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

480

7s.

Collyer.

“ To die is gain.”

- 1 **W**HEN I tread the mortal vale,
Where the shades of death prevail,
Saviour, guide my trembling feet,
Through this last, this still retreat;
Let thy glory chase its gloom,
Light the feeble traveller home,
Never leave me till I stand
Safe in yonder heavenly land.
- 2 When I bow my sinking head,
Seeking rest among the dead;
When my pulses, throbbing slow,
Tell the tide of life runs low:
Hear me, my Almighty friend!
Watch, sustain me to the end;
Smiling through my dying tears,
I will then dismiss my fears.
- 3 Thee, Redeemer, I pursue,
All life's weary journey through,
Other interests I resign,
Only tell me thou art mine;
And when mortal agonies
Break my heartstrings, glaze mine eyes,
Let me but this prize obtain,
I shall prove — “ to die is gain.”

(389)

481

C. M.

Collyer.

Prospect of Death.

- 1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God ! at thy command :
- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
To close my sightless eyes ;
And, shatter'd by the dire disease,
This broken body lies :
- 3 When ev'ry long lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart ;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart ; —
- 4 Then, O thou Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
- 5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head ;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed.

482

C. M.

Doddridge.

Submission under Bereavement.

- 1 **P**EACE ! — 't is the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death,
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.
- 2 'T is He — the glorious King, supreme
Of all the worlds above —

- Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.
- 3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters, with unwearied hand,
A thousand rich supplies.
- 4 Our covenant God and Father he
In Christ our bleeding Lord,
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.
- 5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To thy supreme command.

483

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Triumph over Death. Job xix. 25—27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay:
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And Death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin
And gnaw my wasting fles...

When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh.

- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

484

L. M.

The righteous blessed in Death.

- 1 **H**OW blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys ;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 6 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies ;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
" How blest the righteous when he dies ! "

485 . L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?
What timorous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

486 C. M. Village Hymns.

Funeral of a Faithful Minister.

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,
The happy soul is fled;
The breathless clay shall slumber here,
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,
E'en to his latest breath;
The truth he had proclaim'd so long
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
Above this dusky sphere;

His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
While yet he sojourn'd here.

- 4 The church's loss we all deplore,
And shed the falling tear;
Since we shall see his face no more,
Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb;
Oh may we ready stand;
Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
To dwell at thy right hand.

487

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The same occasion.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

488

C. M.

Watts.

Death of a pious Parent.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die ?
And helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our friend ;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious parents led !
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

489

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

Death of a Young Person.

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh, may this truth, imprest
With awful pow'r — " I too must die" —
Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;

Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch, and pray.

- 4 O, let us fly — to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

490

C. M.

Stennett.

Death of an Infant.

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.
- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms,
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these little lambs," said he,
"And lay them in my breast ;
"Protection they shall find in me,
"In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
"But can't dissolve my love :
"Millions of infant souls compose
"The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,
"And mould with heavenly skill ;
"I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
"And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
And to his will resign ;
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

491

8s.

Wesley.

On the Death of a Brother.

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above;
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the heaven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death:
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

492

8s.

Wesley.

On the Death of a Sister.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high!
Another has enter'd his rest;
Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast.

The soul of our sister is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above ;
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 Where Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace !
 He looks — and his servants in light,
 The blessing ineffable meet ;
 He smiles — and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

- 3 How happy the angels that fall
 Transported at Jesus's name !
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !
 No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly ?
 Who first shall be summon'd away ?—
 My merciful God, is it I ?

- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart ;
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart ;
 O, give me some signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

A Funeral Song.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave—but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass thy
 tomb ;

The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before
 thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold
 thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
 side;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold
 thee,
 And sinners may hope since the Saviour hath
 died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave — and its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt linger'd
 long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on
 thy waking,
 And the sound thou didst hear was the sera-
 phim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave — but we will not
 deplore thee,
 Since God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy
 guide;
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
 thee,
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath
 died.

494

85.

Joy seen through sorrow.

1 **D**ISCONSOLATE tenant of clay,
 In solemn assurance arise,
 Thy treasure of sorrow survey,
 And look thro' it all to the skies:
 That heavenly house is prepar'd
 For all who are sufferers here,
 And wait the return of their Lord,
 And long for his day to appear.

(399)

- 2 There all the tempestuous blast
Of bitter affliction is o'er;
The spirit is landed at last,
And sorrow and shame are no more;
Temptation and trouble are gone,
The trial is all at an end —
And there I shall cease to bemoan
The loss of my brother and friend.

495

8s. (Chiefly Original.

Death.

- 1 **H**OW solemn the signal I hear!
The summons that calls me away,
In regions unknown to appear;
How shall I the summons obey?
What scenes in that world shall arise,
When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
And darkness has seal'd up my eyes,
And deep in the dust I am laid?
- 2 No longer the world I can view,
The scenes which so long I have known
My friends, I must bid you adieu,
For here I must travel alone: —
Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
His hallow'd footsteps I know;
I'll trust for defence to his rod,
And lean on his staff as I go.
- 3 Dear Shepherd of Israel, lead on;
My soul follows hard after thee;
The phantoms of death are all flown,
When Jesus my Shepherd I see.
Dear brethren, and sisters, I go
To wait your arrival above;
Be faithful, and soon you shall know
The triumphs and joys of his love.

Mourners Comforted.

- 1 **C**EASE, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the worlds above.
- 2 While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.
- 3 Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never — never die.
- 4 Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heav'n a moment's gloom.
- 5 There are crowns and thrones of glory,
There the living waters glide ;
There the just in shining raiment,
Standing by Immanuel's side.
- 6 Now, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Far remov'd from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above.

Death awful and lovely.

- 1 **A**H! lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
2 A (401)

Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
The corpse when the spirit is fled ;
In love with the beautiful clay,
The quiet and peaceable dead.

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind !
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

- 3 This earth is affected no more,
With sickness, or shaken with pain ;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

- 4 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free :

The tears are all wip'd from his eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death:
What now with my tears I bedew,
O! shall I not shortly become?
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

498

8s.

The Last Conflict.

- 1 **I** SOON shall accomplish my race,
And soar to the temple on high;
Dear Jesus, beholding thy face,
I cheerfully yield me to die.
Farewell, my distress and my woe —
The storms of existence are o'er;
Tho' fiercely the tempest may blow,
Its fury appals me no more.
- 2 More quickly and shorter I breathe —
The dew is o'erspreading my cheek —
I feel the approaches of death,
My heartstrings beginning to break;
A struggle or two and 'tis done —
From earth and its anguish I fly;
The palm of the conqueror won,
I live by submitting to die.

Note. — Hymns suitable for Funeral occasions
may be found also under the two following heads.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

499

C. M. Watts' Lyrics.

A prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 **H**OW long shall Death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades
The dawn of heaven appears;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 I hear the voice, 'Ye dead, arise!'
And, lo! the graves obey:
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.
- 6 O may our humble spirits stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

500 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Triumphant Resurrection.

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?
This wond'rous frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

501 C. M. H. K. White.

Present lot and future prospect.

- 1 **T**HRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deep'ning gloom,

We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent dust shall rise
With shouts of endless praise.

Future State awful.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die,
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!

- 4 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And view the flaming skies.
- 5 How shall I leave the tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
- 6 Lord! teach my soul to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

503

L. M.

Dwight.

Resurrection from the grave.

- 1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and thy power to save?
- 2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies!
- 3 Cease — cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.
- 4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.
- 5 The trump shall sound—the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring

Through heaven, with joy, their myriads
rise,
And hail their Saviour, and their King.

504

C. M.

Leaving family and friends to God.
Gen. xlviii. 21.

- 1 **A** MID the anguish and the strife,
That shrinking nature fears,
Look gently down, great Source of life,
And dry the starting tears!
- 2 Serene, like Jacob we would die,
And "gather up our feet;"
Would chide the ling'ring hours, and fly
Our Saviour-God to meet.
- 3 Our dearest comforts we would leave,
With glory in our eyes;
Would wipe the tears of those that grieve,
And point them to the skies.
- 4 Our trembling lips, if Thou art nigh,
When life's sad hours are few,
With joy shall say — "Behold we die,
But God shall be with you."

505

C. M.

The Resurrection.

- 1 **W** HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake —
When opening graves shall yield their
charge,
And dust to life awake; —
- 2 Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heavenly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfill'd —
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd, quit the field.

4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
"O grave! where is thy triumph now?
"And where, O death! thy sting?"

506

7s.

Montgomery.

Hope of rising again.

1 "SPIRIT — leave thine house of clay!
"Lingering dust — resign thy breath!
"Spirit — cast thy chains away!
"Dust — be thou dissolv'd in death!"

2 Thus th' Almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies!
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies!

3 "Prisoner — long detain'd below!
"Prisoner — now with freedom blest!
"Welcome from a world of woe!
"Welcome to a land of rest!"

4 Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high!
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky!

5 Grave — the guardian of our dust:
Grave — the treasury of the skies!
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!

- 6 Hark ! the Judgment trumpet calls !
"Soul — rebuild thy house of clay —
"Immortality thy walls,"
"And eternity thy day !
-

FINAL JUDGMENT.

507

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Banishment from God dreadful.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart* ?
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 O ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !
- 5 Jesus, I throw mine arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

6 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise, in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

508

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

The last Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 3 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice, and their doom.
- 4 'But gather all my saints,' he cries,
'That made their peace with God
'By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
'And seal'd it with his blood:
- 5 'Their faith and works brought forth to
light,
'Shall make the world confess
'My sentence of reward is right,
'And heaven adore my grace.'

509

S. M. Wesley; extract.

Preparation for Judgment.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead!
Before whose bar severe,

- With holy joy, or guilty dread,
We all must soon appear:
- 2 Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us all with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.
- 3 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown,
When robed in majesty and power,
Thou shalt from heav'n come down:
- 4 Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.
- 5 O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment, to secure
An everlasting rest!

Christ's Second Coming.

- 1 **I**N expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and hope, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.
- 2 He comes! — the Conqueror comes!
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful prisoners burst their tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.
- 3 The trumpet sounds — "Awake! —
"Ye dead, to judgment come!" —
The pillars of creation shake,
While hell receives her doom.

- 4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close
Or shade their perfect bliss.

511 P. M. Rippon's Selec.

Longing for the Judge's Favour.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray!
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face:
Then loud among the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

512 S. M. Doddridge.

The final Doom.

[See Hymn 77.]

513

P. M. Oliver; alt'd.

Christ coming to Judgment.

- 1 **L**O! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train;
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes — and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree;
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!
- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
“Come to judgment!” —
“Come to judgment! — come away.”
- 4 Now redemption, long expected,
See! in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah! —
See the day of God appear!
- 5 Yea, amen! — let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Make thy righteous sentence known!
Oh come quickly —
Claim the kingdom for thine own!

514

P. M.

Wesley.

Anxious Desires.

- 1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry!
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at the bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there —
To meet a joyful doom?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy diligence and care,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live,
And reign with thee above!
Where faith's sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

515

P. M.

The Judgment Trumpet.

- 1 **H**ARK! the judgment-trumpet sounding,
Rends the skies and shakes the poles;
Lo! the day, with wrath abounding,
Breaks upon astonish'd souls:
Ev'ry creature
Now the awful Judge beholds.
- 2 Jesus, Captain of salvation,
Leads his armies down the skies;
Ev'ry kindred, tribe and nation,
From the sleep of death arise:
Heaven's loud summons
Fills the world with dread surprise.
- 3 Zion's King, his throne ascending,
Calls his saints before his face;
Crowns, with glory never ending,
All the children of his grace:
Heaven shall echo;
Songs of triumph fill the place.
- 4 Look beneath, where hell is burning,
There the sons of darkness lie;
Hope to black despair is turning;
Where the worm will never die:
Careless sinner,
Oh, to Jesus quickly fly.

516

P. M.

Awful pomp of Judgment.

1 **T**HE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in
 fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
 Lo, self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
 bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory! 'round him are pour'd,
 Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
 And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are
 there,
 And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory
 wear!

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
 heard:
 Lo, the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are
 stirr'd!
 From sea, from the earth, from the south, from
 the north,
 All the vast generations of man are come forth!

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are
 all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
 are met!
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
 Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
 When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
 driven,
 May our justified souls find a welcome in heav'n.

517

P. M.

Second Advent of Christ.

1 **J**ESUS comes, by saints attended,
 Heaven the dazzling train supplies;
 2 B (417)

Call the dead, the night is ended ;
Bid the sleeping dust arise :
Let the ransom'd
Join the Saviour in the skies.

2 Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious ;
See, the " Man of Sorrows " now !
From his foes return'd victorious,
Ev'ry knee to him shall bow :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crowns become the Victor's brow.

3 While dismay on others seizes,
Go and share your Master's joy ;
Sound the sacred name of Jesus,
Let his praise your tongues employ ;
Praise him, praise him.
For those joys which never cloy.

4 Yonder mansion, fill'd with pleasure,
Is the place where Jesus reigns ;
There your bliss will have no measure,
While you sing in loudest strains
Hallelujah !
Everlasting joy remains.

(418)

THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PART II.

ADAPTED TO PARTICULAR SEASONS
AND OCCASIONS.

ARRANGEMENT OF PART II.



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THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION, &c.

PART II.

Adapted to particular seasons and occasions.

MORNING AND EVENING.

518 L. M. Bp. Kenn.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **W**AKE, and lift up thyself, my heart ;
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 2 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir ;
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 3 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will —
O may I never more do ill !
- 4 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

- 5 Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

519

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice thy tribute pay
To Him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays !
- 4 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

520

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at thy voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 Oh ! like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day ;

With ready mind, and active will,
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just — thy promise sure;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

4 Give me thy counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

521

C. M. Rippon; alt'd.

A Morning Hymn.

1 **T**O thee, let our first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore!

3 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

4 Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

522

S. M. Rippon's Selec.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With ev'ry brightening ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly parent sing;
And to its great original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near!
- 4 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice;
Ting'd with thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.
- 5 My life I would anew,
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

523

C. M.

Morning Praise and Prayer.

- 1 **F**AIN would I raise my morning song,
And praise thy glorious name;
Thy love, my God, inspires my tongue,
Thy mercy is my theme.
- 2 Great Source of light, indulgent God,
How rich thy mercies are!

Teach me to spread thy name abroad,
And all thy love declare.

- 3 O, glorious Sun of righteousness,
Diffuse thy beams divine;
Let me behold thy lovely face,
And in thine image shine.
- 4 Let that bright day roll swiftly on,
When Christ shall reign below;
And all beneath the circling sun
Shall thy salvation know.
- 5 For this, O Lord, may every heart,
In constant prayer ascend,
Till all shall see thee as thou art,
And praise thee without end.

524

C. M.

Morning.

- 1 **K**IND Guardian of my sleeping hours,
Accept the thanks I bring;
Beneath thy smiles, my feeble powers
Would their Preserver sing.
- 2 Give me thyself, the only good,
And ever with me stay;
Whose faithful mercies are renew'd
With each returning day.
- 3 Ah! guide me with a father's eye,
Nor from my soul depart;
But let the Day-Star from on high
Illuminate my heart.
- 4 Far as the east from west, remove
Each earthly vain desire;
And raise me on the wings of love—
O raise me daily higher.

- 5 Let all my words and all my ways
Declare that I am thine ;
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

525

C. M. Watts' Hymns

Morning or Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.
- 3 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day,
For death stands ready at the door
To seize our lives away.
- 4 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's avenging law ;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In every gasp we draw.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

526

L. M. Watts' Hymns

Morning or Evening.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
(426)

And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

527

L. M.

Bp. Kenn.

An Evening Hymn.

1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings!
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from the approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'T is heaven on earth, 't is heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love!

528

C. M.

Evening.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've pass'd another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
To sleep in death's embrace,
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

529

C. M. Watts' Hymns

Evening.

- 1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song,
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 3 What have I done for him that died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied
Fast as my minutes roll!

- 4 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
 To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 5 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

530 L. M.

Evening.

- 1 **T**HE busy scenes of day are fled,
 The evening shades invite to rest;
May I repose my weary head,
 Reclining on my Saviour's breast.
- 2 Jesus, to thee an evening song,
 My soul in gratitude would raise;
O, could I mount and join that throng,
 I'd vie with angels in thy praise.
- 3 With tears of joy I'd sing the God
 Who wept, and groan'd, and died for me,
Then hide beneath that precious blood
 Which freely flow'd on Calvary.
- 4 There, shelter'd, let my soul remain,
 While wearied limbs may seek repose;
Nor from that refuge go again,
 When morning shall the light disclose.
- 5 And when, at last, nor sun nor moon,
 Nor stars, shall light the pilgrim's way,
Let angel bands convey me home,
 To realms of everlasting day.

531

8s & 7s.

An Evening Song.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal :
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us,
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark, and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee !
 Thou art He who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be ;
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn, in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom !

532

7s.

Evening.

- 1 SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care — from labour free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.
- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee !

533 S. M.

Retiring to Rest.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death is near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we've here possess'd.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view the unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

Note.—For Morning and Evening of the Lord's Day, see under the following head.

THE LORD'S DAY.

534 S. M. Watts' Psalms.

LIGHT OF THE SUN AND OF THE GOSPEL.

For Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;

- His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O ! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven !

Delight in God's House.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

536

C. M.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 COME, let us join with sweet accord
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and call'd his own.
- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven ;
Type of that everlasting rest,
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

537

C. M.

The Resurrection.

- 1 AGAIN, the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind our Lord in death ;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
By his expiring breath.
- 4 And now his conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies ;
Broken beneath his powerful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

- 5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell on every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 6 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

538

11s & 8s.

Delight in Social Worship.

- 1 **H**OW lovely the place where the Saviour
appears
To those who believe in his word!
His presence disperses my sorrows and fears,
And bids me rejoice in my Lord.
- 2 A day in his courts, than a thousand beside,
Is better and lovelier far:
My soul hates the tents where the wicked reside,
And all their delights I abhor.
- 3 Lord! give me a place with the humblest of
saints,
For low at thy feet I would lie;
I know that thou hearest my feeble complaints;
Thou hearest the young raven's cry.
- 4 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon
thee,
O! come, in thy chariot of love;
From earth's vain enchantments, O! help us to
flee,
And to set our affections above.

539

10s.

Brown.

Preparation of Heart.

- 1 **H**AIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our
breast!

When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone ;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes :
O ! meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above.

540 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

For the Lord's Day.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound :

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep, thy counsels ! how divine !

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die ;
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Seeking God.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can want for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

542 L. M. Watts.

Lord's Day Evening.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray !
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below :
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The truth and doctrines of thy word ;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.
-

SOCIAL PRAYER MEETINGS.

Note. — Other Hymns suitable for Prayer Meetings may be found under the heads, "Supplication" — "Church Fellowship" — "Christian Warfare" — "Conflict and Prayer" — "Admonition and Encouragement" — "Communion with God" — "Pressing on towards Perfection."

543 C. M.

Preparation from God.

- 1 **L**ORD ! teach thy servants how to pray,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes, yet we may,
We must, to Thee draw near.

- 2 We come, then, God of grace! to Thee:
Give broken contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Give deep humility — the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live.
- 4 Give faith in that one sacrifice
Which can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
On Christ — on Christ alone.
- 5 Give patience still to wait and weep,
Though mercy long delay —
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay —
- 6 Give these — and then thy will be done!
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, through thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

The ground of acceptance.

- 1 **W**HEREWITH shall we approach the
Lord
And bow before his throne?
By trusting to his faithful word,
And pleading Christ alone.
- 2 The blood, the righteousness and love
Of Jesus, will we plead;
He lives within the veil above,
For us to intercede.

Part II. PRAYER MEETINGS. 545, 546

3 Sure ground, and sure foundation too,
We find in Jesus' name;
Herein we ev'ry blessing view,
And ev'ry favour claim.

4 Then let his name for ever be
To us supremely dear;
Our only all prevailing plea,
For all our hope is there.

5 This is the name the Father loves
To hear his children plead;
And all such pleading he approves,
And blesses them indeed.

545 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Christ with his People.

1 **W**HERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid this little company;
"To them unveil my lovely face,
"And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
O, send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

546 S. M. Newton.

Jesus on the Throne of Grace.

1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near;

There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he ever grants
More than they can express.

4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

547

C. M.

Throne of Grace.

1 **O** LORD! to us, assembled here,
Reveal thy smiling face!
While we, by faith, with love and fear,
Approach a Throne of Grace.

2 Thy house is call'd the house of pray'r,
A solemn, sacred place;
Oh! let us now thy presence share,
While at the Throne of Grace.

3 With holy boldness may we come,
Though of a sinful race,
Thankful to find there yet is room
Before the Throne of Grace.

Part II. PRAYER MEETINGS. 548, 549

4 Thy tender pity and thy love
Our ev'ry fear can chase ;
And all our help, we then shall prove,
Comes from the Throne of Grace.

5 We bless thee for thy word and laws,
We bless thee for thy peace ;
And, O ! we bless thee, Lord, because
There is a Throne of Grace.

548 L. M. Cowper.

Access to the Mercy-Seat.

- 1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat :
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
- 3 Here may we prove the power of pray'r,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

549 C. M. Jervis.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow,
Of heaven's Almighty King :

Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

550

C. M.

Wesley

For sustaining Grace.

1 **S**HEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear ;
O let our souls on thee be cast,
In never-ceasing prayer !

3 The spirit of redeeming grace,
Give us in faith to claim ;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow ;
Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
I will not let thee go.

5 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face ;
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,
And pray'r in endless praise.

551 L. M. Fawcett.

Prayer Meeting before Sermon.

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word :
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above :
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,
With sov'reign power and energy ;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal ;
Teach us to know and do thy will :
Thy saving power and love display ;
And guide us to the realms of day.

552 7s. Newton.

"Ask what I shall give thee."

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;

There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
Be my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

MEETINGS FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

MONTHLY CONCERT.*

553

L. M.

Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HY people, Lord, who trust thy word,
And wait the smilings of thy face,
Assemble round thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of thy grace.
- 2 We consecrate these hours to thee,
Thy sov'reign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
That his dominion shall extend,
Till ev'ry tongue shall call him Lord,
And ev'ry knee before him bend?

* See also hymns under the following head.

- 4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come ;
Send forth thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banish'd people home.

554

C. M.

The Angel's Flight. Rev. xiv. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, high in the midst of heav'n,
A mighty angel flies ;
The gospel, grace, and life are giv'n
By him who paid their price.
- 2 Asia receives the word of love,
And wonders as she hears ;
The day-spring, dawning from above,
O'er Africa appears.
- 3 The islands of the sea rejoice,
And sing Immanuel's praise ;
With joyful heart, and rapt'rous voice,
They shout his welcome grace.
- 4 Then let *us* shout hosannas too,
To David's princely Son ;
Then let *us* to the nations show
The wonders he has done.

555

L. M.

The same subject.

- 1 **T**HAT mighty angel, to whose hand
The everlasting word is giv'n,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And soaring, cleaves the vault of heav'n
- 2 And say — shall aught oppose his flight ? —
Or dim with clouds his flaming scroll ?

No! — not till truth with holy light
Shall visit ev'ry heathen soul:

- 3 Not till blest peace shall spring to birth;
Till hatred sheath his useless sword;
Not till the nations of the earth,
Become the kingdoms of the Lord.

556

S. M.

For all Nations.

- 1 **O** GOD, to earth incline,
With mercies from above;
And let thy presence round us shine,
With beams of heavenly love.
- 2 Through all the earth below,
Thy ways of grace proclaim,
Till distant nations hear and know
The Saviour's blessed name.
- 3 Now let the world agree
One general voice to raise;
Till all mankind present to thee
Their songs of grateful praise!
- 4 Oh, let the nations round
Their cheerful powers employ,
And earth's far distant coasts resound
With shouts of sacred joy.

557

L. M.

Divine Power invoked.

- 1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shak—
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

- 2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.
- 3 No more let human blood be spilt —
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be apply'd
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.
- 4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In ev'ry land of ev'ry name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour — *Lord of all.*

558

S. M.

For the universal Reign.

GREAT Heir of David's throne!
Thy royal power assume;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blest Redeemer, come.

Set up thy throne of grace
In all the heathen's sight —
Thy kingdom of true holiness —
And order it aright.

Now, for thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be:
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to thee.

In zeal for God and man,
Thy full salvation bring:
The universal Monarch reign,
The saints' eternal King.

559

7s.

The same subject.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel-call obey.
 - 2 Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
 - 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.
 - 4 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise his glorious name ;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wond'rous love proclaim.
-

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.*

560

L. M.

Missionary Meeting.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, dread King ! we stand
The voice that marshall'd every star
Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;

* See also Hymns under the foregoing head.

Along the line — to either pole —
The thunder of thy praise to roll.

3 Our prayers assist — accept our praise —
Our hopes revive — our courage raise —
Our counsels aid — to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home!
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

561 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Pentecost.

1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
Go, spread the mystery of his cross."

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrines of the cross.

- 6 Great King of Grace, my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

562

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

The Apostles' Commission.

- 1 **G**O preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
'Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
'He shall be saved that trusts my word,
'He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 'I'll make your great commission known,
'And ye shall prove my gospel true
'By all the works that I have done,
'By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 'Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
'Go cast out devils in my name;
'Nor let my prophets be afraid,
'Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.
- 4 'Teach all the nations my commands,
'I'm with you till the world shall end;
'All power is trusted to my hands,
'I can destroy, and I defend.'
- 5 He spake and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode:
They to the farthest nation spread
The grace of their ascended God.

563

7s.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 **R**ISE, triumphant Saviour, rise!
Now display thy boundless power;
(450)

Bid the earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy all-glorious name adore.

- 2 Now thine ancient word fulfil,
Through the earth extend thy sway;
Let the nations know thy will,
Let them all thy Son obey.
- 3 O! that heathen lands may know
Thee, their Saviour, God, and Friend;
All to thee for succour flow,
All on thee for help depend.
- 4 Grant thy servants great success,
While they wield the gospel sword,
All their earnest labours bless;
Send thy Spirit with thy word.

564 P. M.

Let there be Light.

- 1 **T**HOU, whose almighty word,
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
“Let there be light.”
- 2 Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now, to all mankind,
“Let there be light.”
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;

Move on the waters' face,
Bearing the lamps of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

- 4 Blessed and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Love, Wisdom, Might,
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide,
"Let there be light."

565

L. M.

Prayer for Christ's Kingdom.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of worlds! display thy pow'r
Be this thy Zion's favour'd hour;
Bid the bright morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.
- 2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown;
And be the universe thine own.
- 3 Speak! and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

566

L. M. Watts' Psalms

The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

(452)

- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands ;
All heaven submits to his commands ;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

567

7s.

Montgomery.

Glorious Prospects.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the Song of Jubilee,
Loud — as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore —
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign ;
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah ! — hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies !

- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword ! He speaks—'tis done.
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway ;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have pass'd away !
- 6 Then the end — beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall ;
Hallelujah ! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

568

L. M.

Prayer for the Jews.

- 1 **D**ISOWN'D of heav'n, by man oppress,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around.
- 2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race,
Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring ;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their *Shiloh's* glorious light ;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long !
When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore.

569

L. M.

Hyde.

The Restoration of Israel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will not forget the grace
Reserv'd for faithful Abra'm's race;
His love their wand'rings shall restore,
And guide them that they stray no more.
- 2 Israel! 't is thine accepted day,
Thy God himself prepares the way; —
Behold his ensign from afar —
Behold the light of Jacob's star
- 3 That star which once on Bethle'm rose,
A token on thy mountain glows;
The morn of earth's blest jubilee
Sheds its sweet early light on thee.
- 4 And thou, who once on Israel's ground,
A homeless wanderer wast found,
Redeemer, on thy heav'nly throne,
Still call that ancient church thine own.
- 5 Bid her departed light return,
Thy holy splendour round her burn; —
From prostrate Judah's ruins raise
A living temple to thy praise.

570

C. M. Montgomery.

The same subject.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust;
He calls thee from the dead.
- 2 Awake — awake! — put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

- 3 Rebuild thy walls — thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south — “ Give up thy charge,
“ And keep not back, O north ! ”
- 4 They come ! they come ! thine exiled bands
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.
- 5 Thus, though the world at last shall burn,
And God his works destroy,
With songs thy ransom'd shall return,
And everlasting joy.

571

L. M.

Setting apart of Missionaries.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, to thee we pray ;
Be with us on this solemn day ;
Our brethren bless, their zeal approve,
That zeal which burns to spread thy love.
- 2 With cheerful steps may they proceed,
Where'er thy providence shall lead :
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,
And mercy all their paths attend.
- 3 Let num'rous, solemn crowds be found,
Anxious to hear the gospel sound ;
And rude barbarians, bond and free,
In suppliant throngs, resort to thee.
- 4 Where pagan altars now are built,
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,
There may the bleeding cross be rear'd,
And God, our God, alone rever'd.

572

C. M.

For the same occasion.

- 1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye messengers of God;
Go, publish in Immanuel's name
Salvation thro' his blood.
- 2 What tho' your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path;
- 3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,
And, arm'd with power divine,
Your God will needful aid bestow,
And on your labours shine.
- 4 He who has call'd you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Mountains shall sink to plains.
- 5 Shrink not, tho' earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Nor doubt that all your mighty foes
Shall bow before his cross.

573

L. M.

Charge to Missionaries.

- 1 **Y**E Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
 - 2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
- (457)

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

- 3 And when our labours all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more ;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus — Lord of all.

574

C. M.

Missionaries encouraged.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Prophet of the skies
Proclaims redemption near ;
The night of death and bondage flies,
The dawning tints appear.
- 2 Zion, from deepest shades of gloom,
Awakes to glorious day ;
Her desert wastes with verdure bloom,
Her shadows flee away.
- 3 The glad'ning news, convey'd afar,
Remotest nations hear ;
To welcome Judah's rising Star
The ransom'd tribes appear.
- 4 Fair Lebanon shall hear his voice,
And lands where Jordan flows,
With Sharon's desert shall rejoice,
And blossom as the rose.

575

L. M.

Missionaries prayed for.

- 1 **M**ARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious eyes,
That Heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.

- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear!
E'en now unfolds the promised year!
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where Pagan darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
Strengthen their arm, and clear their view,
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

576 C. M. Lawson.

Missionaries commended to God.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies! condescend
To hear our fervent prayer,
While this our brother we commend
To thy paternal care.
- 2 Before him set an open door,
His various efforts bless;
On him thy Holy Spirit pour,
And crown him with success.
- 3 Endow him with a heavenly mind,
Supply his every need;
Make him in spirit meek, resign'd —
But bold in word and deed.
- 4 In every tempting, trying hour,
Uphold him by thy grace;
And guard him by thy mighty power,
Till he shall end his race.
- 5 Then, follow'd by a numerous train,
Gather'd from heathen lands,

A crown of life may he obtain
From his Redeemer's hands.

577

S. M.

Departure of Missionaries.

- 1 **Y**E messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way!
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage — go.
- 3 Go, spread the Saviour's fame;
Go, tell his matchless grace;
Proclaim salvation full and free
To Adam's guilty race.
- 4 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's — and will prevail,
In spite of all his foes.
- 5 We wish you in his name
The most divine success;
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

578

P. M.

S. F. Smith.

A Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 **Y**ES, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes I love them well,
Friends, connexions, happy country!
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

- 2 *Home!* thy joys are passing lovely;
Joys no stranger heart can tell!
Happy home! 'tis sure I love thee!
Can I — can I say — *Farewell?*
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath-bell,*
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure!
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
- 4 Yes! I hasten from you gladly,
From the scene I loved so well!
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 5 In the deserts let me labour,
On the mountains let me tell,
How he died — the blessed Saviour —
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.
- 6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell —
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land! — *Farewell — Farewell!*

* It were to be wished that we could invariably use the New Testament name, for the first day of the week — "The Lord's Day," instead of the Jewish name, which was given to the seventh day. The Lord's Day is a more interesting day, than the Jewish Sabbath, or day of rest.

579

L. M.

Kelly.

Sing unto the Lord.

- 1 **H**ARK! how the distant nations sing,
The mountains and the valleys ring;
And while they welcome Jacob's star,
With joy we listen from afar.
- 2 'Tis Jacob's star that sheds its light
On lands till now involved in night,
And gives the promise of a day,
Whose glories never fade away.
- 3 For joy of this, the people sing;
For joy of this, the mountains ring;
A cheerful and a blessed sound,
'Twill spread, ere long, the world around.
- 4 A day of promise such as this
The cause of joy and wonder is;
We wonder, and we praise the Lord,
We own the triumphs of his word.
- 5 The God of Israel glorious is,
The kingdom and the power are his;
While foes, ere long, must own his claim,
His friends shall triumph in his name.

580

7 & 6.

Heber.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! O! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim;
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

581 12 & 9.

Mission to Palestine.

- 1 **THEY** have gone to the land where the patri-
archs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd;
To the land where the Saviour of sinners once
trod,
Where he labour'd, and languish'd, and bled;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended
to God,
As he captive captivity led.

- 2 They have gone to the land where the gospel's
glad sound,
Sweetly tuned by the angels above,
Was re-echo'd on earth, through the regions
around,
In accents of heavenly love ;
Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame,
The rich gifts of his grace to reveal ;
Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's
name,
The truth of their mission to seal.
They have gone—O, thou Shepherd of Israel—
have gone,
The glad mission in love to restore ;
Thou wilt not forsake them, nor leave them
alone ;
Thy blessing we humbly implore.
Thy blessing go with them—O, be thou their
shield,
From the shafts of the fowler that fly ;
O Saviour of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, in might, from on high.

582

L. M. 6 lines.

The Missionary's Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, my brethren in the Lord !
The gospel sounds the Jubilee ;
My tongue shall bear the news abroad,
From land to land, from sea to sea ;
And, as I preach from place to place,
I'll trust alone in God's free grace.
- 2 Farewell !—in bonds of union dear,
Like strings you twine about my heart ;
I humbly beg your earnest prayer,
Till we shall meet no more to part ;
Till we shall meet in worlds above,
Encircled in eternal love.
- 3 Farewell, my earthly friends below !
Though all so kind and dear to me ;

- My Jesus calls, and I must go,
To sound the gospel jubilee;
To bear the joy-inspiring news
To Gentile worlds and blinded Jews.
- 4 Farewell, dear people, one and all!—
While God the breath of life shall give,
I hope on him in prayer to call,
That your dear souls in Christ may live;
That your dear souls prepar'd may be,
To reign in bliss eternally.
- 5 Farewell, to all below the sun,
And as I journey here below,
The path is strait my feet must run,
And God will keep me as I go;
Will guard me by his pow'rful hand,
And bring me to the promis'd land.
- 3 Farewell! farewell! — I look above;
Jesus, my friend, to thee I call!
Be thou my joy, my crown, my love,
My safeguard and my heavenly all:
My theme till life shall close, and then
My only hope in death — amen!

583 7s.

The Latter Day.

“GIVE us room, that we may dwell,”
Zion's children cry aloud:
See their numbers — how they swell!
How they gather like a cloud!
Oh how bright the morning seems!
Brighter from so dark a night:
Zion is like one that dreams,
Fill'd with wonder and delight.

3 Lo! thy sun goes down no more,
 God himself will be thy light:
 All that caused thee grief before
 Buried lies in endless night.

4 Zion, now arise and shine!
 Lo! thy light from heaven is come!
 These that crowd from far are thine;
 Give thy sons and daughters room.

584

P. M.

Kelly.

Glory of the Latter Day.

1 **H**ARK! a cry among the nations —
 “Come, and let us seek the Lord!
 “Vain our former expectations:
 “Vain the idols we adored:
 “Zion’s King is God alone,
 “Let us bow before his throne.”

2 See! from ev’ry quarter flowing,
 Joyful crowds assemble round!
 Love in ev’ry heart is glowing,
 Praise is heard in ev’ry sound.
 While Jehovah shows his face,
 Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,
 Now are instruments of peace:
 They who taste the living water,
 Learn from war and strife to cease.
 Jesus reigns! the earth is still!
 All the nations do his will!

585

7s. Double.

Bowring

Traveller and Watchman. A Dialogue.

1 **W**ATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are. —

- Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star! —
 Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell? —
 Traveller! yes; it brings the day—
 Promis'd day of Israel.
- 2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends. —
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth! —
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.
- 3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn. —
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn. —
 Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home. —
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

 ASSOCIATIONS.*

586 L. M. B. Francis.
Abounding in the Lord's Work.

BEFORE thy throne, eternal King,
 Thy ministers their tribute bring;
 Their tribute of united praise,
 For heavenly news and peaceful days.

* Other Hymns suitable to occasions of this sort, may be found in Part I., under the heads "Christian Church," and "Church Fellowship."

- 2 We sing the conquests of thy sword,
And publish loud thy healing word ;
While angels sound thy glorious name,
Thy saving grace our lips proclaim.
- 3 Nor can the angels ever raise
With us, an equal song of praise :
They are the noblest work of God,
But we, the purchase of his blood.
- 4 Still in thy work would we abound ;
Still prune the vine, or plough the ground :
Thy sheep with wholesome pasture feed,
And watch them with unwearied heed.
- 5 Thou art our Lord, our life, our love,
Our care below, our crown above ;
Thy praise shall be our best employ,
Thy presence our eternal joy.

587

L. M.

United hearts and counsels.

- 1 **H**AIL, brethren ! while together met,
Welcome your counsels and your pray-
ers :
May kindred objects love beget,
And love disperse our anxious cares.
- 2 May ev'ry heart with thanks abound,
And courage take from mutual aims ;
May Zion's interests dear be found
To ev'ry breast which truth inflames.
- 3 Here may the cause of Christ employ
Our willing hearts and faithful hands :
And all our powers engage with joy,
To break the tempter's fatal bands.

(468)

4 May holy zeal our souls inspire,
And self in noble deeds be lost —
Christ and his cross our bosoms fire,
Glory to God our only boast.

5 O Lord, thy blessings we implore;
On this alone, our hope relies;
Grant us but this, we ask no more,
No richer boon beneath the skies.

588 S. M. Dwight; alt'd.

The Kingdom of God.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

2 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

3 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King:
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given,
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

589 S. M. Watts'; alt'd.

Security of the Church.

HOW honour'd is the place,
Where we adoring stand,

Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of grace defend
The city where we dwell,
While walls of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up th' eternal gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

4 Here taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace ;—
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, ye saints,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

*Increase of Christ's Kingdom.**

1 **A**LL hail, incarnate God !
The wond'rous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold :
Still does thine arm new trophies wear,
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
Its silver honours pays,
To thee the blooming youth

* For a season of coldness in the churches, see Part I., under the head "Declension Lamented."

Devotes his brightest days ;
And every age their tribute bring,
And bow to thee, all-conquering King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
That happy, glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway :
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.

4 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign ;
Behold the nations sue
To wear thy gentle chain :
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand for ever sure.

591 L. M. Doddridge.

Christ's Universal Dominion.

1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace !
Who holds the keys of death and hell ;
The boundless world unseen is his,
And sovereign power becomes him well.

2 In shame and suffering once he died ;—
But now he lives for evermore ;
Bow down, ye saints, around his seat,
And, all ye angel-bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes—and guard thy friends ;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,
That thy dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom and by love ;

Worthy to rule o'er mortal life,
O'er worlds below — and worlds above.

592

C. M.

Logan.

The Glory of the Latter-Day.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow:
Up to the Hill of God," they say,
"And to his House, we'll go."
- 3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 Come then, O! come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

ORDINATIONS.

593

L. M.

Doddridge.

Institution of a Gospel Ministry.
Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house
Smile on our homage and our vows;
(472)

While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
In lowlier forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun ;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 5 Jesus our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all their blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Through the long round of endless days.

594 L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Isaiah's Obedience. Isa. vi. 8.

- 1 OUR God ascends his lofty throne,
Array'd in majesty unknown ;
His lustre all the temple fills,
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal hills:
- 2 The holy, holy, holy Lord,
By all the Seraphim ador'd,
And, while they stand beneath his seat,
They veil their faces and their feet.
- 3 Lord, how can sinful lips proclaim
The honours of so great a name ?

O for thine altar's glowing coal
To touch his lips, to fire his soul !

- 4 Then if a messenger thou ask,
A labourer for the hardest task,
Through all his weakness and his fear,
Love shall reply ' Thy servant's here.'

[See Part I. 302. " How beauteous are their feet."]

595

L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Before or after Ordination.

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend ;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace ;
Direct his feet in paths of peace ;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send ;
O love him, save him to the end !
Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove
Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart ;
In him thy mighty power exert ;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

596

7s.

Hammond.

After the Charge.

- 1 **W**OULD you win a soul to God ?
Tell him of the Saviour's blood ;
(474)

- Say how, Jesus' bowels move ;
Tell him of redeeming love.
- 2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side ;
How his head with thorns was crown'd,
And his heart in sorrow drown'd.
- 3 Tell him how he suffer'd death,
Freely yielded up his breath,
Died, and rose to intercede,
As our Advocate and Head.
- 4 Tell him of that liberty,
Wherewith Jesus makes us free ;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

597

S. M.

The Minister's earnest Desire.

- 1 " **I** THE good fight have fought,"
O when shall I declare !
The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
I long with Paul to share.
- 2 O may I triumph so,
When all my warfare's past ;
And dying, find my latest foe
Under my feet at last !
- 3 This blessed word be mine,
Just as the port is gain'd ;
" Kept by the power of grace divine,
" I have the faith maintain'd."
- 4 By faith, O may I see,
(When I my charge lay down)

(475)

Henceforth, reserved in heav'n for me,
The never-fading crown.

598

C. M.

J. B. Cook.

At the Ordination of a Deacon.

- 1 UP to thy throne, O God of love,
We now would lift our eyes:
Grant us thy presence from above,
And hear our earnest cries.
- 2 Upon thy *servant*,* call'd to fill
This sacred, honour'd trust,
O may thy Spirit's grace distil,
And make *him* wise and just.
- 3 Help *him* thy table, Lord, to spread,
In memory of that night,
When powers of darkness at thy head
Aim'd their malignant spite.
- 4 By faith, and prayer, may *he* uphold
His faithful pastor's hands,
And to his temporal wants afford
Such aid as God commands.
- 5 Thy poor, the objects of thy love,
Who want and famine dread,
O may *his* bowels towards them move,
To find supplies of bread!
- 6 Thus may *he* use *his* office well,
And to *himself* procure
Great boldness in the Christian faith,
And find the promise sure.

* If requisite, the *plural* may be used throughout.
(476)

599

S. M.

J. B. Cook.

Deacon prayed for.

- 1 **O**! HELP thy servant, Lord,
Who as a pillar stands,
Within thy house, adorn'd with grace,
And strength afford his hands.
- 2 In every time of need,
When faith begins to faint,
Support him by thy power, and cheer
Thy feeble, drooping saint.
- 3 Help him his course to run,
With diligence and love,
And when his earthly toils are done
Crown him in heaven above.
- 4 And may thy blessing, Lord,
Upon us all descend,
That we may here obey thy word,
And meet a peaceful end.

600

S. M.

For Minister or Deacon.

- 1 **R**ISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might;
Now prosper every good design
To spread thy glorious light.
- 2 Oh bring the nations near,
That they may sing thy praise;
Thy word let all the people hear,
And learn thy holy ways.

- 3 Put forth thy glorious power !
All nations then will see ;
And earth present her grateful store
In converts born to thee.
-

OPENING MEETING-HOUSES.

601 C. M.

On Opening a Place of Worship.

- 1 GREAT Sovereign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty
Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Behold, a building raised for thee !
O meet thy people here ;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 3 Within these walls, let holy peace
And love and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Here, may salvation be proclaim'd,
By thy most precious blood,
And sinners know the joyful sound,
And own the Saviour, God.
- 5 Here may a numerous crowd arise,
To bow before thy throne ;
Here may their songs salute the skies,
To ages yet unborn.

602 L. M. Montgomery.

The same.

- 1 **H**ERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee ;
Oh choose it for thy fix'd abode,
And guard it long from error free.
- 2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear, thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.
- 3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
- 4 When children's voices raise the song
Hosanna ! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong,
Hosanna ! let the angels sing.
- 5 Thy glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

603 P. M. Francis.

The same.

- 1 **G**REAT King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This building as thy home,
This people as thy own.
Beneath this roof, oh ! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
(479)

- 2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound thy praise,
And shine like polish'd stones,
Through long succeeding days;
Here, Lord, display thy saving power,
While temples stand, and men adore.
- 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above:
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.
-

FOR THE YOUTH.

604

S. M.

Prayer for Youth.

- 1 GREAT God! with heart and tongue,
For all our youth we pray;
O may they learn, while they are young,
To walk in wisdom's way!
- 2 Now, in their early days,
Teach them thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On every heart bestow!

- 3 Make their defenceless youth
The object of thy care ;
Cause them to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 Their hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine ;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make them wholly thine.
- 5 Lord, let thy sacred word
Their warmest thoughts employ ;
There let them daily find the road
Which leads to endless joy.

605 C. M. Cowper.

Young Persons entreated.

- 1 **B**ESTOW, dear Lord, upon our youth,
The gift of saving grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.
- 2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root ;
But fairest in the youngest shows,
And yields the sweetest fruit.
- 3 Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sovereign love !
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.
- 4 For you the public prayer is made ;
O join the public prayer !
For you the secret tear is shed ;
O ! shed yourselves a tear.

- 5 We pray that you may early prove,
 The Spirit's power to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That Jesus whom we preach.

606 C. M. Doddridge.

Youth invited.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,
 In smiling crowds draw near,
 And turn from every mortal charm,
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
 Stoops to converse with you;
 And lays his radiant glories by,
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 "The soul that longs to see my face,
 "Is sure my love to gain;
 "And those that early seek my grace,
 "Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
 If once compared with thee?
 What beauty should command my love,
 Like what in Christ I see?
- 5 Away, ye false delusive toys,
 Vain tempters of the mind!
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice;
 For here true bliss I find.

607 S. M. Fawcett.

How shall a Young Man cleanse his way?

- 1 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray;

- O make me learn, while I am young,
How I may cleanse my way.
- 2 Now, in my early days,
Teach me thy will to know:
O God, thy sanctifying grace
Betimes on me bestow.
- 3 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care;
Help me to choose the way of truth,
And fly from every snare.
- 4 O let the word of grace
My warmest thoughts employ;
Be this, through all my following days,
My treasure and my joy.
- 5 To what thy laws impart
Be my whole soul inclin'd,
O let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
- 6 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.

608 S. M. Rippon's Selec.

Intercession for Children.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend
To thy victorious grace!
- 2 O what a vast delight
Their happiness to see!
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

- 3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour
Upon our infant seed;
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.
- 4 May they receive thy word,
Confess the Saviour's name,
Then follow their despised Lord
Through the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favour'd race
Surround thy sacred board,
There to adore thy sov'reign grace,
And sing their dying Lord.

609

C. M.

“Remember now thy Creator.”

- 1 OH! in the morn of life, while youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairer charms
That beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd:
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways:
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys
That now return no more.

- 5 True wisdom, early sought, and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

610

C. M.

Strapham.

Establishing Sunday-School.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!
- 3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way
To guide untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind, that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.
- 6 Almighty God! thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

611 S. M.

The Young asking for divine Guidance.

- 1 **F**ROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe!
- 4 O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory, and to God.

[See also Hymn 335.]

AFFLICTIVE PROVIDENCES.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

612 C. M. Cotton.

Trust in God under Affliction.

- 1 **A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

(486)

- 2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace ;
And he who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 3 In darkest watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er !
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And press'd on every side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 5 Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at thy rod,
O more than all the world to me —
My Saviour and my God !

613

C. M.

Beddome.

Resignation.

- 1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God ! are in thy hand ;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine :
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murmuring word
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

- 4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be thou my All in all.

614

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Afflictions and Death under Providence.

- 1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes —
A sad inheritance.
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace;
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

615

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Submission in bereavement.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'T is God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions, then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead.

Sick-bed Devotion.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord ;
They come at thy command :
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
" Remove thy sharp rebukes ;"
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

- 4 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were ;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 5 But if my life be spared awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

617

C. M.

Doddridge.

Sick-bed Devotion.

- 1 **I**N thy rebukes, all-gracious God,
What soft compassion reigns!
What gentle accents of thy voice
Allay thy children's pains!
- 2 "When I correct my chosen sons,
"A father's bowels move:
"One transient moment bounds my wrath,
"But endless is my love."
- 3 Our faith shall look through ev'ry tear,
And view thy smiling face!
And hope, amid our sighs, shall tune
An anthem to thy grace.
- 4 Receive, at length, my weary soul
To join thy saints above;
Then shall I learn a song of praise,
Eternal as thy love.

618

L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Prayer for a Sick Minister.

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne,
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2 Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and teacher live.

3 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In ev'ry breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail;
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

619 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Submission and Deliverance; or Abraham's Offering.

SAINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

2 So Abraham with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command,
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 'Abraham, forbear,' (the angel cried,)
'Thy faith is known, thy love is tried,
'Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
'Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.'

4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.
(491)

620

S. M. Rippon's Selec

Sanctified Affliction.

- 1 **H**OW gracious, and how wise,
Is our chastising God;
And, O! how rich the blessings are
Which blossom from his rod!
- 2 He lifts it up on high
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel
May grace and peace impart.
- 3 Instructed thus they bow,
And own his sovereign's sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 His cov'nant love they seek,
And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
To honour his commands.
- 5 Dear Father, we consent
To discipline divine;
And bless the pain that makes our souls
Still more completely thine.
- 6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace,
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And every frailty cease.

250

C. M. Gibbons; alt'd.

Season of Threatening Drought.

- 1 **T**HE Spring, great God, at thy command,
Leads forth the smiling year;
The earth in pleasing green is rob'd,
And bloom and flowers appear.

But soon canst thou in righteous wrath
 Blast all the promis'd joy,
 And elements await thy nod
 To bless or to destroy.

The sun, thy minister of love,
 That from the naked ground
 Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
 And spreads their beauties round ;

At the dread order of his God,
 Now darts destructive fires ;
 Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with
 drought,
 And blooming life expires.

Like burnish'd brass, the heaven around
 In angry terror burns,
 While earth a joyless waste appears,
 And into iron turns.

Pity us, Lord, in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend ;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And showers of mercy send !

22 C. M. Watts' Psalms ; alt'd.

Pleading with Submission.

THOU, whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke ;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look ;

- 3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Our prospects fail us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God regards our cries.
-

PROSPEROUS SEASONS.

623

C. M.

Doddridge

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of life, I own thy hand,
In every chastening stroke ;
And, while I smart beneath thy rod,
Thy presence I invoke.
- 2 To thee in my distress I cried,
And thou hast bow'd thine ear ;
Thy powerful word my life prolong'd,
And brought salvation near.
- 3 Praise to the Lord, whose gentle hand
Renews our labouring breath :
Praise to the Lord, who makes his saints
Triumphant e'en in death.
- 4 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Those heavenly gates display,
Where pain and sin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.

5 There, while the nations of the bless'd
With raptures bow around,
My anthems to delivering grace
In sweeter strains shall sound.

624 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave!
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.
- 4 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and
heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

625 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Rain and fruitful Seasons.

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil, in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

The Goodness of God.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

- 5 Creatures with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

627 L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Prayer for Deliverance answered.

Isa. xxvi. 8-12, 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace,
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
My earnest cries salute the skies,
Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky!
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heavenly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

AID FOR THE POOR.

628

C. M.

At a Sermon for the Poor.

1 **F**ATHER of Mercies ! send thy grace,
 All-powerful from above ;
 To form in our obedient souls,
 The image of thy love.

2 Oh may our sympathizing breasts
 That generous pleasure know,
 Freely to share in others' joy,
 And weep for others' woe.

3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,
 Soft be our hearts their pain to feel,
 And swift our hands to aid.

4 So Jesus look'd on dying man,
 When throned above the skies ;
 And, 'midst the glories of his state,
 Felt his compassion rise.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
 To raise us from the ground ;
 And shed the richest of his blood,
 A balm for every wound.

629

C. M. Doddridge ; alt'd.

Relieving Christ in his Members.

1 **H**IGH on a throne of light, O Lord !
 Dost thou exalted shine !
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since all the world is thine ?

- 2 But thou hast brethren here below,
The children of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.
- 3 In them mayest thou be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered;
And, in their accents of distress —
Our Saviour's voice be heard.
- 4 Whate'er our willing hands can give,
Lord, at thy feet we lay;
Grace will the humble gift receive,
And grace at length repay.

630 C. M. Mrs. Barbauld.

Christian Benevolence.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain;
To Whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain;
- 2 Whose breath expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
- 5 He, from the bosom of his God,
Shall present peace receive —
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

631 L. M.

Lending to the Lord.

- 1 **O** GOD, our Saviour ! let us wear
Thy easy yoke, obey thy will ;
Each other's burdens learn to bear,
And thus the Law of Love fulfil.
- 2 He that hath pity on the poor,
Lendeth his substance to the Lord :
And lo ! his recompense is sure,
For more than all shall be restored.
- 3 Lord ! teach us with ungrudging heart
As thou hast blest our various store,
From our abundance to impart
A liberal portion to the poor.
- 4 To thee our all devoted be,
In whom we breathe, and move, and live !
Freely we have received from thee,
Freely may we rejoice to give !

632 C. M. Boden.

After Sermon for the Needy.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Source of everlasting love !
To thee our souls we raise ;
And to thy sovereign bounty rear
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the paths of life,
With every cheering ray ;
And still restrains the rising tear,
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our souls approach'd
The borders of despair ;
Thy grace, through Jesus' blood, proclaim'd
A free salvation near.

- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord !
For all the grace we see ?
Alas ! the goodness we can yield
Extendeth not to thee.
- 5 To tents of woe, to beds of pain,
We cheerfully repair ;
And, with the gift thy hand bestows,
Relieve the mourner's care.
- 6 Thus passing through the vale of tears,
Our useful light shall shine ;
And others learn to glorify
Our Father's Name divine.
-

NEW YEAR.

633

L. M. Rippon's Selec.

New-Year's Day.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
Let mercy crown it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Be thou our joy and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.
- (501)

- 5 When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

634

7s.

Newton.

For a New Year.

- 1 **B**LESS, O Lord, each opening year,
To the souls assembling here;
Clothe thy word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.
- 3 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love!

635

7s.

Newton.

The New Year.

- 1 **W**HILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here;
Fix'd in an eternal state,
They have done with all below,
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:

Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew :
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

NATIONAL.

636

L. M.

Furman.

American Independence.

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN of all the worlds above,
Thy glory, with unclouded rays,
Shines through the realms of light and love,
Inspiring angels with thy praise.
- 2 Thy power we own, thy grace adore ;
Thou deign'st to visit man below !
And in affliction's darkest hour,
The humble shall thy mercy know.
- 3 These western States, at thy command,
Rose from dependence and distress ;
Prosperity now crowns the land,
And millions join thy name to bless.
- 4 Praise is thy due, eternal King !
We'll speak the wonders of thy love,
With grateful hearts our tribute bring,
And emulate the hosts above.

(503)

- 5 O! be thou still our guardian God ;
Preserve these States from every foe ;
From party rage, from scenes of blood,
From sin, and every cause of woe.
- 6 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
Display his grace, and saving power !
Here liberty and truth maintain,
Till empires fall to rise no more.

637

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

National and Religious Prosperity.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on this our land,
With beams of heavenly grace ;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 Amidst our States, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround thy favourite land.
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
While thankful tongues exalt his praise,
And grateful hearts rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds he made,
In justice and in love.
- 6 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here ;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

638

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

In view of National Calamity.

- 1 **C**OME, let our souls adore the Lord,
Whose judgments yet delay;
Who yet suspends the lifted sword,
And gives us leave to pray.
- 2 Great is our guilt, our fears are great,
But let us not despair;
Still open is the mercy-seat,
To penitence and prayer.
- 3 Kind Intercessor! to thy love
This blessed hope we owe;
O let thy merits plead above,
While we implore below.
- 4 O gracious God, for Jesus' sake
Attend our humble cry!
Nor let the kindling vengeance break
Destructive from thine eye.
- 5 Though justice near thy awful throne
Awaits thy dread command,
Lord, hear thy servants, hear thy Son,
And save a guilty land!

639

P. M.

Pardon implored for National Sins.

- 1 **D**READ Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:
- 2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

- 3 Let that love veil our transgression ;
Let that blood our guilt efface :
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.
- 4 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend ;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning ;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

640 C. M. Newton ; alt'd.
For a Fast Day at the Commencement of War.

- 1 **T**HE gathering clouds, with aspect dark,
A rising storm presage ;
O ! to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage !
- 2 See the commission'd angel frown !
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.
- 3 Ye saints unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope ;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop ?
- 4 Peace spreads her wings, prepar'd for flight ;
And war with flaming sword,
And hasty strides, draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the Lord.
- 5 O may we now, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne ;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.
- 6 The humble souls, who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows ;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

641

L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Time of War.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

642

C. M. Watts' Psalms.

Deliverance from Enemies.

- 1 **Z**ION, rejoice, and Judah, sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heavenly King,
And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

- 4 Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

643

L. M. Rippon's Selec.

Praise for National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plains;
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
pow'r:
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to thy will;
And peace and war await thy word,
And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION
OF
PSALMS, HYMNS,
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PART III.

PECULIAR TO THE ORDER OF PUBLIC
WORSHIP.

ARRANGEMENT OF PART III.

Before Sermon	from 644 to 666
After Sermon	667 688
Closing Hymns	669 679
Doxologies	680

THE
VIRGINIA SELECTION, &c.

PART III.

Peculiar to the Order of Public Worship.

BEFORE SERMON.*

644 C. M.

For the Divine Presence.

- 1 COME, thou Desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wond'rous glories hear,
And all thy sufferings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear!
What rich unbounded grace!
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upwards to the skies!
- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

* See also under the head, "The Holy Scriptures."
(511)

645

L. M.

The Teaching of Jesus.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly flow'd the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace ;
When list'ning thousands gath'ring round,
The voice of Jesus fill'd the place !
- 2 From heaven he came—of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling one immortal day.
- 3 'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
'Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, ánd be blest.

646

S. M. Watts' Psalms.

Attention to God's Word.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 3 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race ;
- 4 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand and swear,
You that despise my promis'd rest
"Shall have no portion there."

647 S. M.

Divine assistance invoked.

- 1 **A**SSIST thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim;
Let power and love attend the word,
And every breast inflame.
- 2 Bid unbelief depart;
With love his soul inflame;
Take full possession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.
- 3 May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control;
Constrain the wandering to attend,
And make the wounded whole.
- 4 Extend thy conquering arm,
With banner wide unfurl'd,
Until thy glorious grace shall charm,
And harmonize the world.

648 C. M.

The Treasures of Wisdom.

- 1 **O** HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
 - 2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards
Than gems, or stores of gold.
 - 3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heav'nly crowns displays.
- 2 H (513)

- 4 And as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

649

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ our Strength.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
'Strength shall be equal to thy day,'
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While grace divine my heart sustains.

650

C. M. Watts' Sermons.

None excluded from Hope.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow the haughty Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,
Does thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share;

No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

651 S. M. Henshaw's Selec.

Lo, I am with you alway.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promis'd presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name:
- 2 Thy name salvation is,
Which here we come to prove;
Thy name is life, and health, and peace,
And everlasting love.
- 3 Present we know thou art;
But, O, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every waiting heart
The heav'nly comfort feel!
- 4 O may thy quick'ning voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love!

652 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

A blessed Gospel.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

653 7s. Rippon's Selec.

Blessings of Religion.

1 'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!—
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

654 L. M. Wesley.

Christ's Fulness.

1 OF Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 't is given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood ;
 He closed his eyes to show us God ;
 Let all the world fall down and know,
 That none but God such love can show.

655 C. M.

For a preparation of heart.

1 **A** GAIN our earthly cares we leave,
 And to thy courts repair ;
 Again with joyful feet we come,
 To meet our Saviour here.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
 And love, and concord dwell :
 Here give the troubled conscience ease,
 The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeling heart — the melting eye,
 The humble mind bestow ;
 And shine upon us from on high,
 To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
 In faith present our prayers ;
 And in the presence of our Lord
 Unbosom all our cares.

5 Show us some token of thy love,
 Our fainting hope to raise ;
 And pour thy blessing from above,
 That we may render praise.

656 C. M. Mrs. Steele.

Devotion to Christ.

1 **J**ESUS! to thy celestial light,
 My dawn of hope I owe ;
 Once wandering in the shades of night,
 And lost in helpless woe,

2 Thy gracious hand redeem'd the slave,
 And set the prisoner free ;
 Be all I am — and all I have.
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
 And live upon thy word :
 Oh ! give me warmer love and zeal,
 To serve my dearest Lord.

657 L. M.

“ Surely, the Lord is in this place.”

1 **L**O ! God is here ! — let us adore,
 And own how dreadful is this place ;
 Let all within us feel his pow'r,
 And silent bow before his face.

2 Lo ! God is here ! — Him, day and night,
 The glorious choirs of angels sing :
 To him, enthron'd above all height,
 Let saints their humble worship bring.

3 Lord God of hosts ! O may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 And learn and do thy sovereign will.

658 L. M. Watts' Psalms.

Praise to God from all Nations.

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

659 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

660 C. M.

God's gracious Proposals.

- 1 LET us adore the grace which seeks
To draw our hearts above:
For, lo! the great Jehovah speaks,
And every word is love.
- 2 Though fill'd with awe before his throne,
Each angel veils his face,
He claims a people for his own,
Among our sinful race.
- 3 "Repent, and live! no more pursue
The paths which lead to death;
Look unto Him who died for you;
Look, and be saved through faith.

- 4 " My sons and daughters you shall be,
Through his atoning blood ;
And you shall claim and find in Me,
A Father and a God."
- 5 Lord, help us now to seek thy face,
By Christ the Living Way ;
And praise Thee for this hour of grace,
Through an eternal day !

661

C. M.

Revelation welcomed.

- 1 HAIL, sacred truth ! whose piercing rays
Dispel the shades of night ;
Diffusing o'er the mental world,
The healing beams of light.
- 2 Jesus, thy word, with friendly aid,
Restores our wandering feet ;
Converts the sorrow of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.
- 3 Oh ! send thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze ;
And bid th' admiring world adore
The glories of thy grace.

662

L. M. Watts' Hymns.

Grace.

- 1 GRACE ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 2 O may I reach that happy place
Where Christ unveils his lovely face ;
There all his beauties to behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

(520)

663 P. M.

Invitation and Prayer.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, come to Jesus;
Think upon your gracious Lord;
He has pitied your condition;
He has sent his gospel-word:
Mercy calls you;
Mercy flows in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Dearest Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous love;
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve:
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 3 Now thy gracious word invites them,
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Every soul be Jesus' guest:
O receive us!
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

664 P. M. Toplady.

The Jubilee.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year, &c.

- 3 Ye who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love :
The year, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live :
The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace ;
Ye happy souls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year, &c.
- 6 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mourning souls be glad :
The year, &c.

665

P. M.

A. B.

Praying for the Minister.

- 1 **H**ELP thy servant, gracious Lord,
Who comes in Jesus' name ;
Only thou canst strength afford,
Thy gospel to proclaim :
Grant his soul a heavenly ray,
Fill his heart with holy fire ;
Help thy servant, Lord, we pray —
Regard our souls' desire.

CHORUS.

O, for sanctifying grace !
O, for love's inspiring power !
Lord, we beg for Jesus' sake,
A sweet refreshing shower.

- 2 Give us to receive the word,
With love, and joy, and fear ;
Grant thy quickening grace, O Lord,
On all assembled here :
Seal the truth on all to-day ;
All our hearts with heaven inspire ;
Help thy servant, Lord, we pray —
Regard our souls' desire.
O, for sanctifying grace, &c.

666 P. M.

Invocation Hymn.

- 1 **D**RAW nigh to us, Jehovah !
Draw nigh to us, Jehovah !
Draw nigh to us, Jehovah !
In our social meeting.
In this propitious hour,
O may we feel thy power,
O may we feel thy power,
In this social meeting.
- 2 Draw nigh to us, bless'd Jesus !
Draw nigh to us, bless'd Jesus !
Draw nigh to us, bless'd Jesus !
In our social meeting.
Thou ever blessed Saviour,
O may we find thy favour,
O may we find thy favour,
In this social meeting.
- 3 Draw nigh to us, bless'd Spirit !
Draw nigh to us, bless'd Spirit !
Draw nigh to us, bless'd Spirit !
In our social meeting.
Convince and renovate us,
Anew in Christ create us,
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

AFTER SERMON.*

667

7s. Double.

A. B.

A Blessing invoked.

- 1 **S**END thy blessing, Lord, we pray,
On the labours of this day;
Seal the truth and own thy word;
Pardon all our failings, Lord.
May we in thy ways be found —
Faith grow stronger — love abound;
Strike the careless soul with fear,
Wipe away the mourner's tear.
- 2 Lord unless thy Spirit move,
Vain will all our efforts prove;
Paul might plant in vain, we know,
And Apollos water too:
O! do thou the increase give;
Let us all thy grace receive;
Send thy blessing, Lord, we pray,
On the labours of this day.

668

L. M. Watts' Psalms.

The danger and doom of the Impenitent.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign King; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey,
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew:

* See, as suitable for this occasion, Hymns 28, 122, and Hymns under the head "Saints and Sinners," &c.

- 3 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest.
-

CLOSING HYMNS.

669

C. M.

Hoskins.

Admonition.

- 1 **T**HE time is short! — sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While yet 't is called to-day.
- 2 The time is short! — O sinners, now,
To Christ, the Lord, submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.
- 3 The time is short! — ye saints, rejoice —
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
To call you to your home.
- 4 The time is short! — it swiftly flies —
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

(525)

- 5 The time is short ! — the moment near,
 When we shall dwell above ;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

670 S. M.

Exhortation to Work while it is Day.

- 1 **T**HE swift declining day,
 How fast its moments fly !
 While evening's broad and gloomy shade
 Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light ;
 For know, its Maker can command
 An instant, endless night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the rolling sphere ;
 Submissive, at his footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new lustre break
 Through all the horrid gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light,
 In your celestial home.

671 S. M.

About to part.

- 1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair ;
 Inseparably join'd in heart
 The friends of Jesus are.

- 2 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end.
- 3 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet !
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 4 The church of the first born,
We shall with them be blest,
And crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.
- 5 To gather home his own,
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

672

C. M.

A Parting Hymn.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part !
Our bodies may far off remove —
We still are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head;
Where he appoints we'll go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;

With joy and gratitude receive
The fulness of his grace.

- 5 O let us hasten to the day
Which shall our flesh restore;
When death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

673 L. M. Watts' Lyrics; alt'd.
Christian Farewell.

- 1 **F**AREWELL, dear friends, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

- 2 There glory sits on ev'ry face;—
There friendship smiles in ev'ry eye;
There shall our tongues proclaim the grace,
That led us homeward to the sky.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

674 L. M. H. K. White.
At Parting.

- 1 **C**OME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, releas'd from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

Praise God, from whom, &c.

675

11s.

Altered.

Minister's Farewell.

- 1 **A**ND now, my dear brethren, I bid you farewell!
I'm going to travel, glad tidings to tell;
I'm going to travel the wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you adieu.
- 2 May heaven protect you, be Jesus your guide,
On the walls of dear Zion may we still abide;
Though we live at a distance, and you I ne'er
see,
On the banks of old Jordan acquainted we'll be.
- 3 There all things are plenty, like Eden in bloom,
To those blissful mansions no sorrow can come;
No sin nor temptation shall enter that place,
And there we shall join in the song of free grace.
- 4 Adieu to affliction, to trial, and pain;
I'm going to Jesus, for ever to reign;
I'm going to Jesus — 't is him I adore,
With saints and bright angels to dwell evermore.
- 5 Live near to the Saviour, be fervent in pray'r,
And while I am absent, remember me there:
That Jesus his gospel would crown with success,
And my poor exertions to numbers would bless.
- 6 And when we meet Jesus in mansions above,
Where saints and bright seraphs are fill'd with
his love,
O then may I see these dear mourners appear!
How glad we shall be to meet each other there!

676

P. M.

The Parting Blessing.

- 1 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing!
Send it down, Lord, from above;
May we all go home a praising.
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.
- 2 Jesus, pardon all our folly,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell, brethren! farewell, sisters!
Till we all shall meet again.

677

8 & 7.

Benediction.

- 1 **P**RINCE of Peace, be ever near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,
Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.
- 2 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

678

L. M.

Hart.

Dismission.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good,
O wash us in the Saviour's blood;
Give every fetter'd soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.
- 3 Praise God, from whom, &c.

679

P. M. Rippon's Selec.

Dismission.

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,
May we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

DOXOLOGIES.

680

1

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2

L. M.

TO God the Father — God the Son,
And God the Spirit — three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth — and all in heaven.

3

C. M.

LET God, the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

5

S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done!

6 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father — love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

7 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love !
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

8 P. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise ;
Glory to God the Son ;
To God the Spirit praise :
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing ;
While faith adores.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Believing that this volume may be yet a little more enlarged, without swelling it to an inconvenient size ; a place is here assigned, in a miscellaneous department, to a small number of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, which I am unwilling to exclude from the selection.]

681 C. M.

Pleading for Relief.

1 **WE** come, dear Jesus, to thy throne,
To open all our grief ;

Now send thy promised mercy down,
And grant us quick relief.

2 Ne'er didst thou say to Jacob's seed,
"Seek ye my face in vain;"
And canst thou now deny thine aid,
When burden'd souls complain?

3 The same thy pow'r, thy love the same,
Unmoved the promise shines;
Eternal truth surrounds thy name,
And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel,
And unbelief arise,
We'll wait around his footstool still,
For Jesus hears our cries.

682

C. M.

Mrs. Steele.

Pearl of Great Price.

1 **Y**E glittering toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A *real* prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;—
Inestimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immense!

3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.

6 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the wish that love inspires,
And bid me call thee mine.

683 S. M. Watts' Hymns.

Christ the Wisdom of God. Prov. viii.

1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word,
Deserves it no regard?

2 'I was his chief delight,
'His everlasting Son,
'Before the first of all his works
'Creation was begun.

3 'When he adorn'd the skies,
'And built them, I was there
'To order when the sun should rise,
'And marshal every star.

4 'Upon the empty air
'The earth was balanced well;
'With joy I saw the mansion where
'The sons of men should dwell.

5 'My busy thoughts at first
'On their salvation ran,
'Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
'Was fashion'd to a man.

- 6 'Then come, receive my grace,
'Ye children, and be wise;
'Happy the man that keeps my ways;
'The man that shuns them dies.'

684

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,
2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son;
Descending from the heavenly court
He left his Father's throne.
3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
4 His living power, and dying love
Redeem'd unhappy men,
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign,
Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

685

C. M. Doddridge.

Christ our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR divine! we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our righteousness,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

(536)

- 2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.
- 3 The sins of one most righteous day
Might plunge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great Surety bear.
- 4 That spotless robe, which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.
- 5 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given;
Israel and Judah soon shall change
Their wilderness for heaven.

686

C. M. Watts' Hymns.

The heavenly Inheritance. 1 Pet. i.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord,
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust!
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose
So all his followers must.

(537)

- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade away.
- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here
Till Christ shall call us home.

687

C. M.

Jesus the Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 **R**ISE, glorious Sun, supremely bright,
Diffuse thy rays abroad;
Scatter the shades of gloomy night,
And show the heavenly road.
- 2 With healing in thy wings, arise
On this dark soul of mine;
Oh pour thy glories from the skies,
And give me life divine.
- 3 Though thorns and briers, pits and snares,
Beset the path I go,
One ray of thine dispels my fears,
And guides me safely through.

688

L. M.

For divine instruction.

- 1 **C**OME Jesus, heavenly teacher, come,
Convey thine own instructions home;
While men thy sacred truth impart,
'Tis thine alone to reach the heart.
- 2 Whene'er I read or hear thy word,
Thine inward teachings, Lord, afford;
To me thy holy will reveal,
Unfold the book, and loose the seal.

- 3 Call me, oh call me to thy feet,
And there transported may I sit ;
With joy thy heavenly features trace,
And feast upon thy richest grace.

689 C. M.

For nearness to Christ.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, bind me fast
In cords of heavenly love ;
Then sweetly draw me to thy breast,
Nor let me thence remove.
- 2 Draw me from all created good,
Myself, the world, and sin ;
To the dear fountain of thy blood,
And make me pure within.
- 3 Oh lead me to thy mercy-seat,
Attract me nearer still ;
Draw me, like Mary, to thy feet,
To sit and learn thy will.
- 4 Oh draw me by thy providence,
Thy Spirit and thy word,
From all the things of time and sense
To thee, my gracious Lord.
- 5 My Guardian, my almighty Friend,
On thee my soul would rest ;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
Be near, and I am blest.

690 L. M.

Resigning to Grace.

- 1 **W**EARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

- 2 From my own works at last I cease —
God that creates must seal my peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless thy sovereign grace I share.
- 3 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive :
Here then to thee I all resign ;
To draw, redeem, and seal is thine.

The Saviour's Invitation.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls — let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound ;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For every thirsty longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow :
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain ;
(Immortal fountain ! full supplies !)
Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners come ; 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey :
Mercy invites to heavenly joys —
And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts ;
And drink, and never die.

692 C. M. Watts' Psalms.

God's mercy to the Distressed.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

693 C. M. Watts' Hymns.

Praise for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 **L**ET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne,
All glory to th' United Three,
The Undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we 'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Twas he restor'd our ruin'd frame;
Salvation to the Lord.
- 4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound,
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

True Liberty given by Christ.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before his feet
Who makes the pris'ners free.
- 2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
And breaks old Satan's chain ;
Smiling he deals those pardons round,
Which free from endless pain.
- 3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And Abba, Father ! cry.
- 4 Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace ;
The sinner's friend proclaim ;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above;
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing immortal love.

695 C. M. Collyer.

Herein is love. 1 John iv. 10.

- 1 **Y**E saints, assist me in my song —
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong —
I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he liv'd his constant theme
Was still redeeming love.
- 3 Gently he rais'd his sacred hands,
Before his last remove;
And the last whispers of his tongue
Sigh'd forth redeeming love.
- 4 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove:
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.
- 5 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove!
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

696 C. M. Doddridge.

Returning to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 10.

- 1 **S**ING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on,
Through all the blissful road :
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.
- 3 Bright garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head ;
While sorrows, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.
- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

697

S. M.

“How shall man be just with God?”

- 1 **A**H, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God !
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise ?
- 3 All-seeing, powerful God !
Who can with thee contend :
Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end ?
- 4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake !
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake !

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None — none can meet him, and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood.

698 L. M.

Sympathizing High-Priest. Heb. iv. 15.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who once on Calv'ry bled,
 And rose triumphant from the dead,
 Pursues in heaven his plan of grace,
 The Friend of man's apostate race.
- 2 There, as our Advocate, he reigns,
 Touch'd with the feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, and groans, and agonies.
- 3 In every pang that rends the heart
 This Man of Sorrows bears a part:
 In all our grief, that grief He shares,
 And rescues us from Satan's snares.
- 4 Oh! let us then, before his throne,
 With boldness make our sorrows known;
 And seek, from fear and bondage freed,
 His grace to help in time of need.

699 C. M.

The Baptism of Jesus. Matt. iii.

- 1 **S**EE from on high a light divine
 On Jesus' head descend;
 And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
 That bids us all attend.
- 2 'This is my well-beloved Son,'
 Proclaim'd the voice divine;
 'Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
 'For all his words are mine.'

- 3 His mission thus confirm'd from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he show'd,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live, no more to die.
- 5 O may we then who own him Lord,
And his loved name profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his mind possess!

All men commanded to repent.

- 1 "REPENT!" the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay:
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are dispatch'd abroad,
To warn the world of sin.
- 3 The summons reach'd through all the earth
Let earth attend and fear;
Listen, ye men of royal birth,
And let your vassals hear!
- 4 Together in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Embrace the blessed Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

- 5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar :
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.
- 6 Amazing love ! that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days !
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

701

C. M.

Altered.

Christ a Refuge.

- 1 **T**O the dear haven of thy breast,
O Son of Man, I fly !
Be thou my refuge and my rest,
For O ! the storm is high.

- 2 Save, save me from the furious blast ;
My soul's protection be :
Hide me, blest Jesus, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

- 3 More welcome than the water-spring
To a dry, barren place,
Do thou descend on me, and bring
Thy sweet refreshing grace.

- 4 In time of trial and distress,
Thou hast my succour been,
Still in my utter helplessness
Restraining me from sin.

- 5 How swiftly, in the trying hour,
To save me, thou didst move !
O ! still protect me by thy pow'r,
And strengthen with thy love.

6 O let me hang upon my God,
Till I thy glory see :
Till thy divine, prevailing blood
Shall speak me up to thee.

702

P. M.

The day is far spent.

1 **T**HE day is far spent,
The evening is nigh,
When we must lay down
The body and die ;
Great God ! we surrender
Our dust to thy care,
But, oh ! for the summons
Our spirit prepare.

2 The hours that remain,
Oh, with us abide,
And in the dark vale
Of death, be our guide ;
Through life's weary journey,
Thou still hast been near ;
And in our last moments,
Lord, for us appear.

3 We die to obtain
A seat with the blest,
A freedom from pain,
A mansion of rest ;
We see, not regretting,
The shadows arise,
The sun of life setting
And night on the skies.

4 Though rayless the night,
Though starless the skies,
Extinguish'd all light,
And death on our eyes ;

An unclouded morning
Shall rise on the tomb,
Before whose bright dawning
Shall vanish its gloom.

- 5 O, day long foretold!
When wilt thou appear?
Thy approach we behold
With hope and with fear!
O, righteous Judge, spare us,
From sin set us free,
And daily prepare us
To stand before thee!

703

The Eden of Love.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to reflect on those joys that await
me,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet
me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
Encircled in light and with glory enshrouded,
My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of
Love.
- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the regions ter-
restrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, all honour, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of
Love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail, ye songsters of
glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!

And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation,
Of Joys that await me, when freed from probation:

My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of Love.

704

P. M.

Thine Anger is turned away.

- 1 **L**ORD, and is thine anger gone,
And art thou pacified?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Let thy love my heart constrain,
And all my restless passions sway;
Keep me, lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way.
- 2 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel;
If e'en now I find thy pow'r
Present my soul to heal;—
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist or fly
From thy pursuing grace.
- 3 To the cross, thine altar, bind
Me, with the cords of love;
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to rove:
That I never, never more,
May with my much-loved **Master part**:
To the posts of mercy's door
O nail my willing heart!
- 4 See my utter helplessness,
And leave me not alone;
O preserve in perfect peace,
And seal me for thine own.

More and more thyself reveal,
Thy presence let me always find;
Comfort, and confirm, and heal
My feeble sin-sick mind.

- 5 As the apple of an eye,
Thy weakest servant keep;
Help me at thy feet to lie,
And there for ever weep:
Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
That I have any hope of heav'n;
Much of love I ought to know,
For I have much forgiv'n.

705 8, 8, & 6.

The Heavenly Canaan.

- 1 COME, Lord! and help us to rejoice,
In hope that we shall hear thy voice,
Shall one day see our God;
Shall cease from all our painful strife,
Handle and taste the word of Life,
And feel the sprinkled blood.
- 2 We shall not always make our moan,
Nor worship thee a God unknown;
But let us live to prove
Thy people's rest, thy saints' delight,
The length and breadth, the depth and height
Of thy redeeming love.
- 3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
We stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow:

- 4 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our Righteousness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.
- 5 Oh, when shall we at once go up!
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,
But the good land possess:
When shall we end our ling'ring years,
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,
An howling wilderness!
- 6 O dearest Joshua! bring us in;
Display thy grace, forgive our sin.
Our unbelief remove;
The heavenly Canaan, Lord, divide;
And, Oh, with all the sanctify'd,
Give us a lot of love!

706

7s. 6 lines.

Lord's Day; or New Week.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day,
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest!
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

- 3 Here we come, thy name to praise :
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes.
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

707 Sapphic Verse.

Warning Voice.

- 1 **A**H, guilty sinner, ruin'd by transgression,
What shall thy doom be, when, array'd in
terror,
God shall command thee, cover'd with pollution,
Up to the judgment ?
- 2 Wilt thou escape from his omniscient notice,
Fly to the caverns, court annihilation ?
Vain thy presumption, justice still shall triumph
In thy destruction.
- 3 Stop, thoughtless sinner, stop awhile and ponder,
Ere death arrest thee, and the Judge, in ven-
geance,
Hurl from his presence thine affrighted spirit,
Swift to perdition.
- 4 Oft has he call'd thee, but thou wouldst not hear
him ;
Mercies and judgments have alike been slighted ;
Yet he is gracious, and with arms unfolded,
Waits to embrace thee.
- 5 Come, then, poor sinner, come away this moment,
Just as you are, come, filthy and polluted,
Come to the fountain open for uncleanness ;
Jesus invites you.
- 6 But, if you trifle with his gracious message,
Cleave to the world and love its guilty pleasures,
Mercy, grown weary, shall in righteous judgment,
Quit you for ever.

- 7 Where the worm dies not, and the fire eternal,
Fills the lost soul with anguish and with terror,
There shall the sinner spend a long for ever,
Dying unpardoned.
- 8 Oh! guilty sinner, hear the voice of warning;
Fly to the Saviour, and embrace his pardon;
So shall your spirit meet with joy triumphant,
Death and the judgment.

708 *The Wandering Sinner.* A. B.

[Tune.—Burns's Wandering Willie.]

- 1 **R**ESTLESS thy spirit, poor wandering sinner,
Restless and roving—O, come to thy home!
Return to the arms—to the bosom of mercy:
The Saviour of sinners invites thee to come.
- 2 Darkness surrounds thee, and tempests are rising
Fearful and dangerous the path thou hast trod;
But mercy shines forth in the rainbow of promise,
To welcome the wanderer home to his God.
- 3 Peace to the storm in thy soul shall be spoken,
Guilt from thy bosom be banish'd away;
And heaven's sweet breezes, o'er death's rolling
billows,
Shall waft thee at last to the regions of day.
- 4 But, oh! if regardless of God's gracious warn-
ing,
Afar from his favour your soul must remove;
May you never hear—never feel the dread sen-
tence;
But live to his glory, and die in his love.

709 *Daughter of Zion.*

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness !

Awake ! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more ;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,

Arise ! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,

And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far ;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them,

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee

Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should be ;

Shout ! for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee,

Th' oppressor is vanquish'd, and Zion is free.

710 P. M.

Praise to the Three in One.

1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high !

Old men and children, praise

The Lord of earth and sky ;

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

2 The universal King

Let all the world proclaim!

Let ev'ry creature sing

His attributes and name!

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

3 In his great name alone

All excellencies meet;

Who sits upon the throne,

And shall for ever sit:

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

4 Glory to God belongs,

Glory to God be giv'n,

Above the noblest songs

Of all in earth and heav'n:

Him Three in One, and One in Three,

Extol to all eternity.

(556)

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THE END.







